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Around Town.

While sometimes unduly critical of church methods in matters in which perhaps they are better able to judge than I am, it seems to me that they assume to be able to do too much in the direction of amusing and educating their adherents. The theaters may be a bad thing. Unless theaters are properly managed and good and elevating morals taught there, they are certainly bad; but it is a fact that they would be much better than they are, if instead of practically forbidding their membership to attend theatrical performances, the churches endeavored to purify and uplift a certain section of what we may call theatricals, and thereby use it as an educational institution. A clergyman in Hamilton has denounced the performance of Ben Hur undertaken there for a charitable object. No one who has read the book, and I understand it is admitted to all Sunday school libraries, can fail to have been benefited by reading this remarkably clever story of the life and times of Christ. If this be so, how can an audience be injured by seeing a representation of it? Is not prejudice being imported into this matter? I know I have a better idea, a clearer conception of the mission of Christ and of the sacrifice that he made since I read General Lew Wallace's book. If I had had time I should have seen the play presented. Surely that could not have injured me. The parts were taken in Toronto by amateurs who cannot be condemned as "unclean professionals." Now just where can the damage be done? It may be said that a taste for theatrical exhibitions may be created in the minds of those who attend. If this be so, then let the good influences supply something with which to satisfy that taste and keep the young and unsophisticated from frequenting theaters where damage may be done to their morals. If there be a public taste for such things and the church finds itself unable to satisfy it by concerts and lectures, it is much better to allow respectable and well intentioned performances to take place than to withdraw all countenance from dramatic representations of every kind and leave church members and their families to surreptitiously seek to gratify a not unnatural taste.

A pathetic exhibition of marital infelicity was made in the police court a week ago. A demented wife carrying a little baby had been found wandering up and down the streets and asking passers-by if they had seen her husband. It appears they had lived unhappily together almost from the beginning of their domestic partnership, and he with his elder child quietly retired from the scene of unhappiness, leaving his wife sufficiently provided for in the meantime.

The newspapers say that their squabbles had been frequent and disturbing. The question suggests itself to me if married people who have rows can cure this habit of raising Cain with one another, and if the intervals between these outbreaks of temper are really happy ones. One has very little material by which to judge of such matters. Observation is limited to the circle of our acquaintance and the scenes which may occur in public or amongst the people with whom we may have lodged. It seems to me that a man and his wife who squabble must either quit it or expect unhappiness—permanent, cankering unhappiness to be the result. Of course there is scarcely ever a family so well assorted, so even-tempered, so considerate that a disturbance cannot arise; occasionally tempests gather, once perhaps in a lifetime there may be a cyclone, and yet marital happiness may escape wreck. It seems reasonable to believe that married couples who love very intensely and are greatly bound up in one another, can hardly escape the intensity of themselves. The world turns on its axis with great smoothness and velocity, but the people who live on its storm-beaten surface find a friction that makes heat and irritation a portion of the experience they must expect. If home could be an undisturbed heaven, a place in which no fractious or rebellious child made unhappy the heart of father and mother, if it were a place in which the tired wage-earner or worried merchant or harassed professional man could breathe a sigh of relief and forget what had been making him miserable, there would be more home life than there is. But every class drags to a greater or less extent its outside influences into the home. Business, industrial, professional storms cannot rage without influencing the domestic barometer. Then, too, the wife and mother has her trials and may be possessed of considerable temper, and when it has been worked up by fractious servants or the accidents of domestic toil, when the husband and father comes in, the clouds are not likely to go away all at once; the smell of suds and the odor of ironing will not all pour out of the door when the man of the house enters, nor will the delicately turned sarcasms, the sneers and the little bickerings of the drawing-room secrete themselves in the coal hole or fly up the chimney when milady meets milord at his home-coming.

If there are disturbing influences, and presuming that no one's nature is so thoroughly well adjusted as to be unaffected by what ordinarily causes storm signals to be put up, we must believe that instances are rare where married folk do not go through some hard sieges. It is where these rows and vulgar exhibitions of bad breeding and ill temper are frequent, where the daily atmosphere is one of disturbance, distrust and fault-finding that we may

expect distracting unhappiness, perpetual misery. In the fairest of all sweet lands there are some storms, but we do not judge the land by the cyclone, the hot wind that scorches for a day the very life of those who live there. There are regions of perpetual winter where the sun shines with warmth never, where green trees and bright fields and the softening and beautifying tints of summer landscape are never seen. In a domestic life of the latter type nothing happens that gets people into the police court, but those who live that way are icebergs and their days must be joyless and their nights devoid of hallowing peace. Then again, there are climes where storms seem almost perpetual and wreck and destruction and almoons and hot winds from deserts and the belching forth of volcanoes are almost every day incidents. It seems to me so in the domestic affairs of some people and I am sorry for them.

One can not help feeling sorry for the woman who with a baby in her arms and a great choking sob in her voice goes about asking for "Will." We at once think what an infernal scoundrel this man must be to have left a wife who loves him so well that his disappearance even for a day turns her brain, yet that very intensity which makes it impossible for her to live without him may have made it impossible for him to live with her. Their days of domestic peace may have been as glorious as the little valley where palms shadow the luxuriant foliage of bush and flower, but the storm cloud always seems to hang overhead. They may enjoy in

The *Telegram* is undecided and probably will be until its decision is too late to be of any good to the city.

The *Empire* is evidently unprepared to make up its mind or to offer any ideas, and the *Globe* is apparently waiting to see what party exigencies may demand of it.

The world is but a bubble,
There's nothing here below
But toil and sin and trouble,
No matter where we go.

When the daily press of a city is so strongly impregnated with the idea that it doesn't matter who is mayor or who become aldermen, when all their force is apparently reserved with an idea of strengthening the advertising canvasser who is to solicit mayoralty and aldermanic cards, it is no wonder that the average voter—what a world of misgovernment we heap upon the devoted head of the "average voter!"—is much more impressed by the time and trouble it takes to go to the polls than he is by the trouble and high taxes which may be caused by his thoughtlessness and inattention to public duties. Of course the newspapers state in stentorian tones that we must have good aldermen and ought if possible to have a good mayor. After indulging in these large generalities they retire from the business and let men who think they are good and capable select themselves. They offer no advice to the people as to who these Unknowns may be, and it is the very insignifi-

vested in the prosperity of Toronto and Ontario enterprises. They are not a lot of sharks living off the community! Was it not the Board of Trade that primarily interested itself in obtaining the railway facilities that have made Toronto what it is? Can, indeed, any commercial enterprise be started in this city the majority of the directors of which are not likely to be Board of Trade men? Why should there be this prejudice against the organized merchants, manufacturers and business men of this city? Have they not recently put up one of the handsomest structures in Toronto? Has not the whole tendency of their work been to make Toronto great? Demagogues may go about saying that the Board of Trade is made up of a lot of gamblers in wheat and speculators in pork. This is rubbish. In the whole membership there are not fifty speculators of any sort, that is to say, men who have no legitimate and beneficial business outside of occasional transactions in the wheat pit. Who are those who do the buying and selling in the rotunda? They are millers and shippers. The Toronto Board of Trade is vastly different to the stock exchanges and gambling centers of the United States. Transactions on margins are a rarity, not the rule. Of the large membership of the Board of Trade there are probably not over a hundred men who see the rotunda once in five years. The Toronto Board of Trade is an organization of the manufacturers, the producers, the merchants, the shippers of Toronto, yet small minded newspapers and down-at-the-heel politicians yowl like a pack

of a C. P. R. director being mayor of Toronto was the champion of C. P. R. interests and the defender of a mayor and council that were sacrificing city interests in order to conciliate this corporation. The fight is all over; the settlement is made and now to cover a partisan-ship which was disastrous to the city, the same newspaper is inexpressibly shocked to think that anyone interested in this great Canadian corporation should at the same time be mayor of this city. The whole scheme, as usual, is being worked in favor of the nonentity. The man who has been successful at nothing, who has been read out of politics, who has been scarcely able to make ends meet in his profession or who has for the first time enjoyed anything like affluence by making politics a business—these are the men who find newspaper advocates, while a man like Mr. Osler, who by immense force of character and an aggressive intensity of purpose has achieved success for himself and those allied with him, is considered unfit to be suggested by the business community as a proper man for the chief executive position. It is to be hoped that Mr. Osler's friends thoroughly understand the littleness of the opposition to him. Upwards of two thousand people did not invite him to become a candidate without desiring him to be elected and believing such a result likely. Those making these petty cries will weary themselves and the public long before the election takes place.

When we hear of snow and frost appearing in Great Britain and Europe at an unusually early period, or when as during last winter great severity of weather was reported in the countries where a milder climate is usual, we have no idea of the immense amount of suffering which results. In those countries no adequate provision has been made for warming the houses. A grate fire is expected to make a suite of rooms comfortable even in the homes of the rich, while the poor can provide nothing but a few pieces of coal in a roaring and leaking fireplace designed for cooking simple food rather than heating the draughty rooms. It is amusing for an American or Canadian to see the stoves which more than ever before came into vogue in Europe during last winter—great big affairs built of tile and many of them eight or nine feet high, in which a man could secrete himself quite easily. A fire put in one of these things makes just about as much impression on a cold room as if it were built out in the street. Yet it is thus that the millions of people across the Atlantic try to warm themselves when they have a "cold snap" such as we occasionally mention to one another when we meet on the street. Cold is nothing in America because we have made preparations for it. In Europe any such severity brings chill and desolation to millions who are unprepared for it and whose scanty means make preparation or prevention impossible.

Poor Mrs. Parnell! Since her husband's death she has been gradually sinking and it is now feared that she will not live. What a pitiable example it is of that unphilosophic condition which leads us to stake our all on the uncertain cast of the dice of Fate. The thoroughly well balanced mind—and it is presumable that this fine mental poise is occasionally to be found—cannot be disturbed from its application of rules and system to its smallest movement. The man who is thus fortunately balanced understands that he should not marry without loving the woman who is to become his wife, yet is able to so carefully place his affections that moderate though sufficient love is accompanied by a very comfortable dowry. The woman of the same sort looks for a good husband and an ample establishment and very often finds both. Less fortunately balanced people marry for love and live in poverty long after love has flown in the traditional manner from the hearth where hunger has made sentimentality impossible. Others love the unattainable and die unloved. Still others mistake passion for something more enduring and are left in misery standing in loneliness over the ashes of a fire that has burned itself out. Understanding then how apt people are to be unwise and how often unselfishness and unwisdom go together, we can perhaps spare a little sorrow for this poor woman who had so much to do with the ruin of a great man. Poor Kitty O'Shea! In the loneliness of her room, through which must flit the phantoms of her dead past, she has certainly learned that the way of the transgressor is not easy.

A friend of mine used to say that he would rather be a very pretty woman with ordinary talents than a very smart man. As a rule pretty women are not clever enough to utilize the tremendous power of their dangerous gift. A really beautiful woman with a good set of nerves and a reasonably bright intellect can accomplish almost anything, and no matter how she may plot and how ruinous her wiles may be to mankind, sympathy is always with her. Tears in her bright eyes are pearls that purchase liberty, and are like great milestones about the neck of the man who dares to risk the accusation of causing this fair creature to weep. Beautiful women may be good women; good women certainly have a beauty of their own, but the tendency of the world is to enthroned beauty rather than virtue and pity 'tis, 'tis true, that as a rule beauty cannot stand enthroned or the worshipful attitude that the weaklings of the earth assume towards the unusually bewitching woman. It is very easy to weave romances and let them float like a halo about the face of beauty! It seems easy to imagine that a pretty woman is a good woman,



CIRCUMSPECTION.

an hour, in a day of peace, more than we quiet folk have in weeks disturbed by nothing but an overdone steak or a badly fitting collar, yet I would prefer to have a quiet life and believe it is better worth while demanding but little if little be demanded from me, than to clamor for so much and be met by exorbitant demands in reply. Happiness may furnish a pretty fair average to every body, but I would rather have my bread buttered thin than to eat it dry and butterless for three hundred and sixty days out of the year in order to have it buttered an inch thick on each side for the other five.

When married people begin to have rows in public we know that there must be a reformation or rupture in the near future. The possibilities are all in favor of the rupture. No matter whether they are cultured or ignorant, neither married people nor single people can survive that loss of self-respect entailed by glaring sins against good form, as it is generally called, or conventional decency—it matters not which word we use, the meaning is the same. If we are prepared to wash our family linen in public—that means even in the presence of a single outsider—privacy and all the beautiful little tints and halos that belong to the loving kindness of a home, depart at once, and we have instead a whirlpool of angry recrimination into which we slip whenever we push out an oar's length from shore.

In a column of editorial the *Mail* tries to prove that it doesn't matter who is mayor; it then nominates Alderman McDougall!

The *News* has also proven to its own satisfaction that the office of mayor should be purely ornamental. The terms for procuring its services to help elect the ornament can no doubt be obtained at the office.

cance and inutility of the men who escape public criticism which enables them to obtain office.

No doubt mistakes have been made in the past by the advocates of certain men and measures, but if it cannot be shown that the newspapers were insincere, or that, indeed, they were not genuinely interested in municipal affairs and believing themselves to be possessed of an idea and a good candidate did their best for him for Toronto's good, their partisanship is not only excusable but is to their credit. Burke said that what he feared was not the day of judgment, but the day of no judgment, or something to that effect. What we have to fear in Toronto is not the judgment of the newspapers, but their lack of judgment, or rather the suppressing of their judgment lest their advertising columns may be affected.

How does it sound for a newspaper to revile a respectable portion of the citizens, who thought they had a right to gather together and express their preference as to a mayoralty candidate, by calling them a kid-gloved and silk-stockinged outfit. If they wear kid gloves and silk stockings and have paid for them, or if they wear silk gloves and kid stockings what difference does it make? They neither obtruded their underwear nor their general rant upon the public eye, nor was there any manifestation of dishfulness or "capitalistic" prejudice in what they said or did. They respect the workman just as much as the *News* does, and the workman respects them just as much as he can respect an opinionless newspaper. There is no institution in Toronto that depends so much on the commercial prosperity of the city as the Board of Trade, which numbers in its membership upwards of a thousand of those who have their every dollar in-

of coyotes whenever the Board of Trade is mentioned. When a movement is on foot to benefit the city, to pay for specialists to examine plans for civic improvement, where is the hat passed around but amongst the members of the Board of Trade? Who in this city give up their money as largely and as freely as the members of this same Board of Trade? Yet newspapers that live on their advertisements and but obtain their subscription list by pandering to prejudices, ridicule the members of the Board of Trade as kid-gloved and silk-stockinged dudes! Why, bless my heart, the members of that organization are the best democrats in the city. They are no respecters of persons, and ninety-five per cent. of them earned their first dollars either on a farm or in a factory. It is this contemptible tendency to set class against class in Toronto that makes bad civic government not only a probability but seemingly a part of the inevitable.

In the next place, it was not at a Board of Trade meeting but at a meeting of a number of business men in a room in the Board of Trade building, open for public rental, which resulted in the nomination of Mr. E. B. Osler. He may not be the right man for mayor. If he is not, there is no reason why the fact cannot be made plain without attacking those who with the best possible intention brought him forward, an unwilling candidate, who made the greatest possible sacrifice in accepting. If as a C. P. R. director he is unfit to be mayor of Toronto, let it be so proven. Montreal never had a better mayor than Premier Abbott was, though he was a director and the legal adviser of the C. P. R. When the Citizens' Association was making a righteous fight against C. P. R. aggression, the newspaper now most horrified at the thought

and even if we haven't seen her and a friend tells us about her, the color of her eyes and the beauty of her face and the shapeliness of her figure, we at once become anxious to see her. Extended beyond this idea, is the pretty woman who gets newspaper notoriety. What is chivalric in mankind becomes interested, and though the facts are as a cloud of witnesses against her, yet that she is beautiful or that she sobs in court or clasps her pretty hands or faints and falls against the shoulder of her lawyer, these things interest us and a certain portion of mankind at once presumes that she is being abused. I am always dreadfully afraid of the woman who has the faculty of making the balance of the world think she is abused. The pretty wife that wears the air of not being well treated, the sprightly daughter who is anxious to give people to understand that she isn't being given a chance, and the whole class of much abused beauties excite far more alarm than pity in my hardened heart.

Mrs. Maybrick, who was undoubtedly guilty of poisoning her husband and confessedly guilty of dishonoring his name, has had more sympathy wasted upon her than ten thousand good women who have gone down to the grave unpitied and unhelped. Newspapers start funds to assist her to obtain a new trial; the most famous lawyers for a new retainer fight in her behalf, and a great section of the world seems to regard her as a much injured individual. The great pity of the whole business seems to me to have been that she wasn't hanged. All women of her class could very well be hanged as being more dangerous to the community than the gorgeously hued snake which creeps into the household and strikes death into the hand that would caress it. Perhaps there are not many Mrs. Maybricks who are willing to poison their husbands with a deadly drug, but there are far too many of them who poison lives and bring about torture a thousandfold more agonizing than the convulsions of physical death. Yet as long as the world lasts the romanticism of men will offer inducements to beautiful and dangerous women to run the world on the old-fashioned plan pursued by Delilah.

The bi-chloride of gold as a cure for drunkenness excited a good deal of attention for a little time and is creating a good deal of trouble preparatory to dropping out of the procession of great discoveries. Injecting a chemical into a man's veins in order to change the yearnings of his stomach, is almost as certain to be a failure as the ducking-stool was for scolding women. My opinion is that a man drinks whisky because he wants to and he quits because, for some reason, he ceases to want to get drunk. In order to effect a reformation of any kind a mental or spiritual or emotional change must be brought about. The wretched man who wrote an article for one of the leading reviews, and described how he had been cured of drunkenness by this scheme, took the money he got for writing it and went on a prolonged spree and was found dead in the ditch. What a commentary on the effectiveness of a hypodermic syringe to produce a moral reform!

This university extension business is the latest fad. I have watched the papers pretty closely and while I am not nearly so clever as many of the people who write on this topic, I perhaps might assert myself as the possessor of average intelligence; yet I was forced to make a special effort outside of newspaper articles to find out the meaning of "university extension." University extension is a sort of a university on wheels, a teaching faculty; that is to say, a lecturing circus which will go about and give a quasi university course in various localities. Those who attend the lectures of this perambulating faculty will be given a discount of a certain amount of time, thus shortening their regular course. The newspapers have been universally favorable to this itinerant notion. I cannot conceive why. In Canada we have colleges and universities, normal schools, model schools, and training schools galore. Down-at-the-heel collegians, tramp professors and no good undergraduates can be found in every neighborhood, who can teach Caesar and Virgil and Xenophon and higher mathematics and worthless ologies. A youth who is ambitious can teach school or peddle tinware and get money enough to go to college without much trouble. The means of obtaining "higher education" are ample in Canada. What is lacking is not a chance to get into a university to learn Greek and Latin, strange mathematics and useless theories, but an opportunity to acquire technical knowledge of something that is some good. The Hon. G. W. Ross is too active in this university extension matter; in fact, he is suspiciously alert. My own belief is that the Ontario Government would like to organize an educational circus of this kind, a tent show, a perambulating court of learning, in order to get a still greater grip on the constituencies. If a county asks for a university extension annex it will have to behave according to Grit principles in order to obtain it. We may be assured this scheme will not become law unless the Ontario Government has control of it, and if it controls it, it will be worked like the Dominion Government manages the erection of postoffices, custom houses, etc. The Minister of Education has intimated that a grant will be given by the province to favor this scheme—at least he has set the ball in motion that a grant may be asked for. This province has no money to give to any such electioneering snap. If we are to extend the sphere of our educational enterprise, it should be in the direction of technical schools. We have enough abs'ractions both in politics and learning. We have vastly too much politics in our educational system. I sincerely hope that the professors and presidents of colleges will not be led away by this fancy, this fine fad, this electioneering scheme.

The pilgrimage of Saint Wilfred Laurier to Boston and the banquet tendered him there and the eloquent speech addressed to his compatriots and the assembled statesmen in New England, may tend to add brilliancy to the pageantry of his political career, but is unlikely to gain him votes. The Hon. Mr. Laurier and

his friends are not running for office in New England, but in this allied nation of Old England. Of course the visit of a Canadian statesman so highly regarded as the Hon. Mr. Laurier may do something to attract attention to Canadian questions in the United States, but the boddlers in his ample retinue cannot but have detracted from his influence and must indeed have made the whole *entourage* seem more or less absurd.

The *Globe* candidly admits that the relations between French and English speaking Canada are becoming strained. Of course it holds that since the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, Torydom has been inclined to turn up its nose at the French Canadian members of Parliament whose cash and political value they know so well. It confesses that the French Canadian nationalists have been much incensed because the Liberal newspapers in Ontario have not condoned the offences of Mr. Ernest Pacaud and his bosses. In both cases bigotry is alleged as the cause. Our poor, seedy politics somehow always succeed in resolving themselves into a religious rage when the better instincts of the country make a frantic endeavor to effect a reform or punish a boddler.

Quebec is about to experience the sweet uses of adversity, and perhaps the insincerity and indecency of so many of their leaders and the bankrupt condition of the province may lead the *habitants* into a better frame of mind, even though the *Globe* and the *Rouge* papers of the sister province try to explain that the tariff has made the politicians so poor that they have to steal, and the voters so dissatisfied that they can only be kept from breaking the peace by the balm of personal bribes.

The killing of the poor man Capp, dragged to death while trying to stop a runaway team, suggests a few words about the reckless manner in which some of the employees of the Electric Lighting Company let down the lamps when cleaning or putting them in repair. Several times on Yonge street one of these lamps has come down with a rush within a very few feet of my head, and one evening while driving on Jarvis street one came smashing through the canopy top of the wagonette which contained myself and family. The canopy was torn and the supports of it broken, and I had great difficulty in keeping my horse from running away when the glass shattered to atoms and scattered over his back and the roadway. It cost so little to repair it that I presented no bill, but I might have caused the discharge of the man who had made a little error, but the memory of half a dozen very unpleasant episodes which have since come under my notice inclines me to the belief that there is a great deal more carelessness and real disregard of the rights of drivers and pedestrians than can be continued without more fatalities like the tragic Yonge street incident. Doy.

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Bendelari and Mrs. Drayton were the recipients of two lovely baskets of roses last Tuesday from the gentlemen who took part in the Ben Hur performance; the fragrant tributes to the managing ability and faithful supervision of these two invaluable workers were accompanied by many kind and grateful expressions of regard. The acknowledgment was well merited and is joined in by every one who took part in the spectacle of Ben Hur.

In company with many others of the caste, I was sorry to read the abusive personalities which appeared in a local paper about the senior partner of the company who own the Ben Hur spectacle. Those who took principal parts and rehearsed with Mr. Clarke were possibly less sensitive, but probably more sensible than those who took offence at his offhand business manner, or want of manner. One cannot expect chivalry under such circumstances, and it would have looked better both for the dignity of the reporters and their informants had the matter of complaint been kept where it should have been, behind the scenes. To the aforesaid paper we are one and all under great obligations for encouragement and support, and therefore only a sense of justice to our instructors leads to my notice of the one thing which would have been pleasant to us unsaid.

The Grenadiers' first assembly of this season took place on Tuesday evening at Webb's. The dancing and supper rooms were tastefully decorated with ferns, palms and rich curtains, and the rattling good band lent wings to flying feet. The first party of the season shows the buds and blossoms of fashion's conservatory in all their freshness and loveliness, and I don't remember a dance where I noticed more really handsome women and pretty girls. The brides rather cast the buds in the shade. Mrs. Hay, in her magnificent bridal gown of white silk and shoulder train of silver brocade, was a figure at once beautiful and stately; Mrs. Elliott, who is an unusually lovely woman in any costume, looked her best in a plain white silk gown of exquisite fit, with ornaments of strung pearls; Mrs. Haas, in a cute little frock of pink crepe and knotted fringe, was her usual charming self; Mrs. Fred McQueen of Woodstock provoked many admiring expressions, her gown of pale blue, and her *coiffure* a small Langtry knot; Mrs. Neville, was piquante in a pale blue gown, fringed with grasses and tiny blossoms, and a fawn bodice and half panther; Mrs. James Crowther, a dainty toilette of white and gold; Miss Seymour, black and gold, and Miss S. Seymour, white silk mull; Mrs. Arthur Brown, whose costumes have been uniformly beautiful this season, wore a soft white brocade with chiffon frills *en berthe*, and a lace front drape; Mrs. Walter Barwick wore a dainty little dress of violet-ray bengaline with a passementerie corsage belt; Miss Frances Smith, a pink and white brocade with pink hyacinths; Mrs. Dawson, a rich gown of satin brocade in salmon and puce color; Miss Ferguson, a rich tan brown with *berthe* and foot trimming of crinkled pink roses; Miss Spratt, brown and cream lace; Miss May Walker wore a simple little gown of mustard yellow, with a coronet of wheatears, which was vastly becoming. Mrs. Cecil Leigh wore white and corn color; Miss M. Gooderham, pale

pink; Miss Jones, mauve chiffon, and Miss Louie Jones, cream with tiny knots of blue flowers and blue ribbons. Space fails me to mention the scores of other pretty toilettes which passed and repassed. The rooms were just rightly filled without crowding, and needless to chronicle, the gallant red-coats kept up their reputation of last winter, as perfect and courteous hosts. The new staircase was appreciated by those who ascended and descended to the supper rooms, and universal comfort and enjoyment crowned this social opening of the season.

The list of guests is as follows: The Misses Armour, Mr. A. J. Arnold, Mr. Rudyard and Mrs. A. J. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brouse, Capt. Baldwin, 2nd Regiment Cavalry, and Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Miss Bethune, Mr. and Miss Barker, Miss Begg, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bolte, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bingham, Lieut-Col. Brophy, 91st Batt. and Mrs. Brophy, Mrs. Geo. Tait Blackstock, Mr. A. O. Beardmore, Mr. H. L. Branchand, Capt. Broughall, 90th Rifles, Mr. A. J. Boyd, Mr. Fred. Broughall, Mr. J. G. Burnham, Q. O. R., Mr. Benedict, 90th Rifles, Mr. Herman Boulton, Col. Arthur L. Bresler, A. D. C. to the Governor of Ohio, and Mrs. Bresler, Mr. F. H. Bacon, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Miss Campbell, Mr. Mayne and Miss Campbell, Mr. Coulson, Mr. Barlow and Miss Cumberland, Mrs. A. F. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croil, Mr. and Mrs. John and Miss Cawthra, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Capt. Cameron, R. G. and Mrs. Cameron, Dr. Cane, Miss Castle, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, G. G. B. G., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Dyas, Mr. T. Dyas, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dugan, Capt. and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mr. Casimir Dickson, G. G. B. G., Miss Dunbar, Lieutenant-Colonel Dawson, R. G., Mrs. and Miss Dawson, the Misses Despard, Mr. H. A. Drummond, Capt. Eliot, R. G., and Mrs. Eliot, Mr. and Mrs. Everett, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mr. J. F. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Miss Fraser, Miss Foy, Mr. W. J. Fleury, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kerr Fiske, Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy, the Misses Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gooderham, Capt. Gibson, R. G., and Mrs. Gibson, Miss Grigor, Mr. P. C. Godden, Miss Greer of Brantford, Mr. Scott Griffin, Mr. Goldingham, Miss Headly, Major Harrison, R. G., Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Hepburn, Capt. Hay, R. G., and Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, Mr. Hollier, Mr. A. J. Henderson, Mr. Andrew Hoskins, Mr. W. D. Hart, Mr. Harry Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Homfray Irving, Mr. and the Misses Jones, Mr. W. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Dr. King, R. G., Mrs. and Miss King, Mr. J. S. and Miss King, Mr. Nicol and the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kay, Major King of Welland Field Battery and Miss King, Miss Annie Kirkpatrick, Mr. J. J. and Miss Kelso, Mr. H. V. Knight, Mr. W. S. and the Misses Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Dr. Lehman, R. G., Mr. Laurie, I. S. C., Mr. W. M. Lindsay, Capt. H. Merritt, G. G. B. G., and Mrs. Merritt, Mr. J. D. and the Misses Merrick, Mr. and Mrs. the Misses Montizambert, Mr. and Mrs. MacFarlane, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, Miss Moss, Mr. F. W. MacLean, Capt. MacDougall, I. S. C., and Mrs. MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. MacAndrew, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCuaig, Mr. C. J. Marani, R. G., Capt. McKay, R. G., Capt. McLean, R. G., Mr. Hugh McLean, Miss Mackey of Ottawa, Dr. McDonagh, Mr. Harry McMillan, Mr. H. M. McCuaig, Mr. Claude and the Misses Macdonnell, Capt. Morrow, Mr. Percy Maule, Mr. A. F. Matheson, Mr. J. A. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Neville, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn of Brantford, Mr. Arthur Peuchen, Q. O. R., Dr. and Mrs. Pyne, Mr. W. R. Pringle, R. G., and Mrs. Pringle, Mrs. Prince, Mr. J. K. Paaw, Dr. Ryerson, R. G., and Mrs. Ryerson, Mr. A. W. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Rutherford, Mr. E. C. and the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ridout and Miss Ridout, Mr. J. F. Risley, Miss Ross, Capt. Roche, 34th Battalion, Mr. Fred. Strouger, Mr. J. M. Saunders, Mr. G. B. B. and Miss Smith, Mr. D. T. Symons, the Misses Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Hon. Frank and Miss Smith, Dr. Spilsbury, Mr. W. P. Sloane, Mr. B. O. R. Sloane, Miss Spratt, Mr. W. W. Strathy, Mr. Sydney Small, Mr. C. W. Shanly, Mr. Charles Swaby, Miss Strange, Mr. W. W. Strathy, Dr. Thistle, Capt. Trotter, R. G., Mr. R. M. and the Misses Thompson, Mr. John Thompson, the Misses Todd, Miss Taschereau, Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Capt., Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Major Vidal, I. S. C., Mr. D. R. and Miss Wilkie, Mr. David, Mrs. and Miss Walker, Mr. John Wright, Mr. C. W. Walker, Mr. Harvey Willis, 35th Batt., Mr. Harry Wyt, Q. O. R., Miss Adelaide Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Woodsworth, Miss Yorston.

A most charming event took place at the residence of the bride's father in the City of Hamilton on Wednesday evening of last week, it being the occasion of the marriage of Miss Minnie Chase, youngest daughter of Mr. John Chase, to Mr. Charles E. Oles, a rising young barrister of Brantford. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Dean Francis. The bridesmaids were Miss Hattie Johnston of Burlington and Miss Gallagher of Hamilton, while the groom was attended by Mr. John Chase, brother of the bride, and Mr. W. J. Elliott of Toronto. The bride looked charming, attired in cream *soliel* and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses, while the bridesmaids wore rose-pink Luxore silk and carried bouquets of pink roses. Immediately after the wedding breakfast the happy couple left for New York and other points east. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Alex Oles, Mr. S. Boyd and Miss Barton of Brantford, Mr. Frank Bell of St. George, Mr. M. Shearer of Buffalo, N. Y., and Mr. E. W. McIntyre.

A very pretty but quiet wedding took place in this city at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. A. K. McIntosh, Wednesday, November 11, when Mr. Charles C. Penfold and Miss Grace B., daughter of Mr. James R. Silliman, all of Buffalo, N. Y., were united in marriage

by Rev. Septimus Jones, M. A. Miss Lulu Silliman, sister of the bride, assisted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Frank C. Penfold, brother of the groom, as best man. None but the two families interested were present, owing to the late bereavement in the bride's family.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Capreol have returned from their wedding trip. Mrs. Capreol will receive at 58 St. George street on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

A large number of visitors is expected at the Swiss Cafe Chantant, in aid of the Victoria Home, on Tuesday, at Ossington Hall, 220 Dundas street. It is easily reached by either the College or Brockton cars. Pretty girls in pretty dresses, dispensing coffee and ice creams, will be there. In addition to these there is to be a separate magic lantern show from four to six and from eight to ten p.m. Capt. Greville Harston showed himself an adept at catering for the public taste in the success of his Nightingale Concert last year, and we hear that he has been equally successful for this affair. Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Huycke Garratt and Miss Massie with her cello are the leading soloists, and in addition to these the programme includes Mrs. Peterson, Miss Pechell, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Wey, Mr. Poulett Thompson, Capt. Greville Harston, Messrs. Dickey, Stewart, A. R. Denison and part of the Dufferin Glee Club. Recitations will be given by Mr. Bromley Davenport and Mr. Stewart, and a banjo solo by Mr. V. Robin. The ladies of the committee are Mrs. Greville Harston, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Robin, Mrs. E. A. Thompson, Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mrs. Felix Lloyd, Miss Pechell and Miss Macdonnell.

Mr. E. W. Sandys of *Outing*, New York, spent Thursday in the city on his return from the West. Mr. Sandys has been attending the field trials in Kent, and also paying his respects to all the seasonable game in that locality.

Mrs. Philip Drayton of Bloor street east gives a tea this afternoon.

Mrs. Nordheimer entertained a number of friends at dinner on Monday evening.

The Maritana Club held their third At Home at Webb's on Friday night, Nov. 6, and a large number of friends attended. One of the interesting features of the evening was the introduction of the Oxford Minuet, a new and very graceful dance. Guests were noticed from Green River, Hamilton, Orangeville and other places.

The Rosemore Club gave a very pleasant surprise party at Mrs. Dissette's, Dundas street, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 11. An orchestra was in attendance, and dancing was indulged in with the greatest enjoyment until the small hours of the morning.

The Sons of England held an At Home in Webb's parlors last night week, which was very much enjoyed by their guests. Dancing and the phonograph formed rival attractions up and down stairs. Mr. Nicholls made a genial master of ceremonies, and a very social and pleasant evening was spent. Lists of guests at this and the two entertainments preceding are unavoidably crowded out of my column this week. The invitation cards for this At Home and that of the Maritana Club were designed by James Bain & Sons and were much admired.

On Tuesday afternoon, November 10, Mrs. and Miss Spier of Lindsay were at Home from four to seven to their friends, previous to Miss Spier's departure for her new home in Montreal.

Thanksgiving day at Lindsay was the scene of a social event of more than usual importance, in which society showed its interest by filling St. Andrew's church to the doors to witness the marriage of one of Lindsay's most charming daughters, Helen Muirhead, daughter of Mr. Robert Spier, to Mr. William A. Carlyle of the Science Department of McGill College, Montreal. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock in the afternoon, Rev. Robert Johnston, B. A., pastor of the church, officiating. Punctual to the hour the bride entered the church escorted by her father, as the strains of the organ pealed forth a selection from Mendelssohn. Miss Annie Hall of Peterboro' acted as bridesmaid, while Dr. Spier of the General Hospital, Montreal, brother of the bride, assisted the groom. The pretty church was illuminated and tastefully decorated by the young people, which added much to the beauty of the scene. The bride was attired in white silk with chiffon and feather trimmings, with the conventional veil and orange blossoms, and carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern. The bridesmaid wore shell-pink surah, carrying a large bouquet of pink roses. Messrs. G. Montgomery Vance and J. M. McLennan acted as ushers. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the residence of the bride's father, Russell street, where the bride and groom received the warm wishes and hearty congratulations of

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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cloaks, an
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Freaks and Fancies.



UR and lace seems a strange combination in trimming, but is far from unlovely. I saw a dainty velvet gown of a rich green trimmed with vest and cuffs of Persian lamb fur, and finished at neck and wrists by a deep frill of antique lace. The bonnet to go with this gown, was of green, bordered scantily with fur and on top had an Alsatian bow of the rich old lace. The muffs, a tiny round affair, was also trimmed with bands of fur, and had a full ruffle of lace on each opening. The costume was of singular elegance.

Another theater waist caught my eye a few evenings ago, partly because of its novelty and partly because of its peculiarity. It was a long loose blouse of soft peach silk with a deep yoke of open work applique and wide cuffs of the same. The applique was in gilt cord and braid, and was very handsome, though the loose and negligé appearance of the garment is not to my taste. Its handsome garniture could not impart that look of trimness and smartness so indispensable for a theater gown. The girl who wore it was tall, slender and a perfect brunette, with a languid grace and indifference which well suited her costume.

The "love spoon" is the latest development in the souvenir spoon fad, and is chosen for an engagement token. A silver arrow with enameled forget-me-nots twined round the shaft, and its barbed point piercing the golden bowl of the spoon, which is in heart shape, is the appropriate design of this trifle, and the intertwined initials of the donor and recipient are engraved on the inner surface of the bowl.

A feature in winter wraps is their length—to be curtailed is to be behind the age. Long wadded overcoats of broad material are made with double front, the under one buttoned from neck to toe, the over one daintily lined, edged with some handsome fur and hanging loose. Astrachan, that cheap and durable fur, is a perfect favorite this season. Light colored furs are general favorites and no more elegant and becoming finish to a rich dark cloth or velvet gown could be imagined than the aforesaid style of vest, collar, cuffs, and narrow foot border of Krimmer, Thibet or Mouflon. As soon as cold weather comes to us we shall see some charming combinations of Persian lamb and seal, the crisp curl of the former showing to great advantage beside the velvety smoothness of the latter, the king of furs, as diamonds are the kings among jewels.

The prettiest member of Rhea's company invested in a new gown for her trousseau during her visit to Toronto. It was of mustard yellow, made in a new and taking style, most becoming to a slender form, such as Olga possesses. The bodice was in deep shirrs from neck to pointed waist belt, strapped across with bands of gold passementerie, the skirt was plain, with long wings of drapery falling on each side and cunningly puffed at the top over very evident little panniers, the long sleeves were shirred like the bodice and strapped into the arm at intervals with passementerie. The effect was novel and beautiful, and could be reproduced for a reception dress by our married belles who prefer not to wear décolleté gowns. It was a credit to the taste and work of the clever modiste who designed it.

Those French skirts with the shawl drapery at the back have been a torment for street wear. But a simple device gives relief to the lady who is tired of walking askew with her drapery gathered up in her hand. This is merely a long loop of passementerie which hangs from the waist belt at the back, and through which the trailing back breadths are gracefully pulled, until they are well up from the ground. Two eyes on the drapery and a mammoth hook on the loop may be placed to ensure proper draping and security in position, and a little twist of the adept hand quickly loosens all when the wearer enters the portals of her friends or the concert room.

Suede and glace gloves are in quiet rivalry at present. The latest fancy with full dress opera toilettes is to wear fawn or light gray shades in suede handwear.

I came across a delicious new perfume the other day. It is white lilac, of a very sweetly superior scent. One can shut one's eyes and fancy the graceful drooping pyramids of white bloomlets nestling among their dull greenery, and almost feel the balmy air that obtains in lilac time, when the spray of faint and delicate sweetness falls upon mouchoir or opera wrap, manipulated by a smiling little lady who dispenses the imitation summer time from a glass bottle and a rubber sprayer. The good thing about this lilac scent is that it leaves no unpleasant after odor of stale perfume. The breath of the flower comes, pleases and floats away, leaving you wishing, like the immortal Oliver, for "more."

Among dainty finishes for handsome opera wraps or *sorites de bal*, I find a pure white Siberian goat hair fringe headed with a rich narrow passementerie of gold and silver. This is light and dainty and very durable, while not so expensive as the easily spoiled feather and down trimmings. Dark fur is worn on white cloaks, and a most ladylike wrap of mouse gray, with a passementerie yoke and Medici collar of gray and silver, has been noticed on the pretty shoulders of a Toronto belle just back from a circuit of this world of ours. The edge of the front and collar are finished with either soft gray fur or feathers. I have not looked sharp enough to decide which, but anyway it is a most *distingue* and becoming garment.



Mrs. O.F. (at the Italian opera)—Why, I can't understand a word they say. I should think these actors as can't speak English would have sense enough to play in pantomime, where their ignorance wouldn't be noticed.



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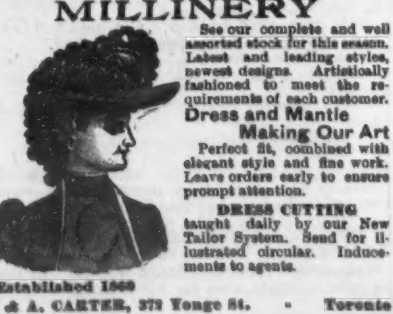
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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER XVI. SISTER AGNES.

I have some dim recollection of being carried by slow stages to a house at no great distance, and of falling into a deep slumber. In this state I must have remained for many hours, for when I opened my eyes and felt the stirring again within me, another sun was low down in the western sky. I raised myself on my elbow and looked around me.

I was in a plain, bare bedchamber, with whitewashed walls and scantily furnished. The bed on which I was lying, however, was spotlessly clean, and by my side was a great bowl of sweet-smelling country flowers. At first I was completely puzzled. Then, like a flash, the recollection of the previous night came to me. I remembered the fire, the perilous climbing, and the face of the woman whom they had called Sister Agnes. Was that face a dream, or was it too real? I must know, and at once.

I tried to jump out of bed and made the discovery that my limbs were still stiff and sore, and that there were poultices on various parts of my body. I managed, however, to sit up-right and remained in that position for a moment, looking around me and listening. Below I could hear the sound of sabots clanking continually on a tiled floor, and occasionally a woman's shrill tongue talking rapidly in a patois which defied my efforts to follow it. I was just about to shout, in the hope of attracting someone's attention, when I heard a door open below, and the sound of an arrival. There was a few moments' conversation between the new comer and the woman to whose movements I had been listening. Then a door opened and shut, and I heard light footsteps ascending the stairs.

I lay down again and closed my eyes. Scarcely had I done so, when the door of the room was carefully opened, and the footsteps crossed the room to my side. There was a little hesitation, then a soft, white hand passed over my forehead with a gentle, caressing touch, lingering there for a moment or two and repeating the action. Presently I heard something which sounded like a stifled sob, and, slowly opening my eyes, I saw the bowed figure of a black-robed sister kneeling by my bedside. Perhaps at the sight I started a little. At any rate, she raised her head, and I looked into the face of the woman whom I had saved—Sister Agnes; and it was the face of my dreams.

She rose up at once and stood by my bedside. All trace of emotion had vanished as if by magic from her white, passionless face. And yet she looked at me kindly.

"You are better, my son?" she asked.

"If I have been ill, yes," I answered. "I feel a little stiff and sore, that is all. I have slept long."

"All day, and sorely you must have needed it," she said. "My son, there are many helpless women who owe you their lives, I too, amongst them. But for you many would have perished in the flames, most surely I should have done."

She sighed half regretfully, and there was no sign of relief in her face at her escape.

"You were not very anxious to be saved," I remarked.

"I was ready to die or to live, as was God's will," she answered. "Nay, I think that I am glad to have been spared, for those whom I have loved and watched over need me now in their distress more than ever. Yes, I am glad to be alive, and I thank you, my son."

I raised myself on my elbow, and looked steadily at her.

"Sister Agnes," I said, "your face is one which I have seen before."

"Never," she answered calmly.

"Nay, but I have seen its picture," I continued, my voice shaking notwithstanding my efforts to control it. "You have not always been known as Sister Agnes."

"My other self is dead," she answered.

"Dead! It may be in one sense," I answered; "but still it is alive. Sister Agnes, if ever you were known as Cecile D'Auverville tell me so quickly! It is more to me than you can imagine."

"That was my name," she answered quietly.

"Then why did you lead my father to suppose you dead, and let him marry again? Cannot you see the wrong you have done, Sister Agnes? I am the son of Lord Alceston, but I have no right now to his name. The fault is yours, and on your head lies the blame of my infancy," I added, bitterly.

"Ah!" She pressed her hand to her cold temples and the saint-like calm died out of her face. She was agitated, but not as I had expected to see her.

"Your father—is he alive?" she asked.

"He is dead," I answered, steeling my heart against her and vowing to myself that I would not spare her, and then like a flash I remembered how this strange discovery upset every theory of his death. Who now was the woman whom he had gone out in the middle of the night at a moment's notice to visit secretly? Where was now the motive of his self-destruction? Gone! The whole thing had been destroyed. Once more everything was in a hopeless maze.

"Dead! Dead! Ah me! Dead!"

The words seemed to glide out of her lips almost unconsciously. She moved away from my bedside, and stood before the diamond-framed window. Far away the red sun was sinking down behind the long line of distant hills, and as she stood there wrapped in thought her clear features seemed to catch its last faint glow and to grow softer and sweeter for the warm coloring which touched them gently and hung about her straight, slim figure almost like a celestial halo. I looked at her, wondering, and my mind was filled with reverence in it. Was this the face of an erring, sinful woman, a woman to scheme and plan for an earthly vengeance? It seemed—nay, I knew that it was impossible, and the harsh words which I would have uttered died away upon my lips.

And watching her closely all my harsh thoughts of her faded away, and with them the remains of that passionate resentment, which had nearly betrayed itself only a few minutes ago by fierce angry words. In their place came a sort of awe, largely mingled with pity. I knew that I was looking upon a woman who had fulfilled never in this world should I have to reopen the sealed chapters of my life and to think and speak of that time when I

CHAPTER XVII. WHO WAS THE WOMAN?

"My son," she said softly, "it is a strange fate which has brought you hither to me. I had thought that never in this world should I have to reopen the sealed chapters of my life and to think and speak of that time when I

was one of the outside world, a lover of its pleasures, and alas! very guilty woman. Year after year the memory of that time has grown fainter and fainter. Earthly love has almost died away from within me, and I can look into your face almost without emotion, though it reminds me so much of his.

"I loved your father, my son, loved him as women still love men, I suppose, in the world from which I have passed for ever. He loved me, too, but was never worthy of his love. He knew nothing of it, but I was not what he thought me."

"It was at St. Marlen near here where we were living, my father, my sister, and I, that I first knew him. He was young and handsome and noble, and from the first moment when he began to whisper words of love to me he hinted at marriage, and when he spoke openly and told me of his love he asked me boldly to become his wife. He never knew why I hesitated so long. He never knew why I lay awake after night filled with bitter regrets, wondering whether I dare marry him, tempted of the devil to do so, yet fearful. In the end the temptation was too strong, and I yielded. I kept a hideous secret locked in my heart, and stood by his side at the altar while the priest joined our hands and called us man and wife. Yes, I was married to your father."

"She had told me so before, and yet somehow I had clung to some faint hope, which her words destroyed. I felt my heart sink, and I would have withdrawn my hand from hers. But she held my fingers tightly."

"Nay, but listen, my son," she continued. "I say that I was married to him, and yet it was no marriage."

"No marriage!" I gasped for breath, and looked at her wildly.

"What do you mean?" I cried. "My father would never have deceived you. I have even seen a copy of the certificate."

"And so you may again, my son," she said, bowing her head. "And yet it was no marriage, for I was already married."

I felt quite powerless to say anything. That this woman should be talking to me of herself seemed almost impossible when I looked into her sweet, chastened face, full of gentle humility, and more like the calm face of an angel than the face of a sinful woman. She seemed to divine my thoughts.

"You wonder that I can tell you of my shame like this," she said softly. "Ah, my son, for twenty years and more I have done unceasing penance, and the old life, with its sins and guilt, has passed away from me. Our Blessed Mother has heard my prayers, and Sister Agnes can talk calmly of Cecile D'Auverville's sins. Let me go on with my story."

"At least I have one excuse for what I did, I believed my husband dead. We had been married secretly, almost directly I had left the convent, but he was a soldier and had been obliged to leave me immediately after our marriage. I was only a girl, scarcely seventeen years old, when I married him, and the romantic fancy which I had thought love soon passed away. I had never dared tell my father, for he was poor and I knew that his great hope was that Marie and I would marry rich husbands. So I left it until he should return from the war, and he did not return. Instead, there came rumors of his death, and foolishly I accepted them unquestioningly. Then your father came and for the first time I knew what love was. When he asked me to marry him I consented, telling him nothing of my past life but his own. I gave him up, and trusting implicitly to the vague rumors which had reached me of my husband's death. We were married secretly, and the vengeance of Heaven was swift. In less than a week your father killed mine in a duel, and I had received a message from my first husband, who was still alive and desired me to join him."

"I fled from home on that awful night, intending to end my days by my own hand. From such a crime, however, I was most mercifully spared. I passed through a sweet country town, and some wild impulse led me to enter the cathedral, through the great open doors of which I could hear the soft low prayers of a few devotees. For the first time religion became a reality to me. I confessed, and at such much penance I was admitted a sister of the lowest order at the house which is now, alas, no more. Step by step I worked myself up until at the dawn of the new day they chose me to take her place. From the moment of my entrance here I determined to write myself down as dead to the world. I sent a certificate of my death to your father, and to my friends. I determined that such human love as was still left in me should die out. I aimed at entire and absolute detachment from every thought and affection of earthly origin."

What strange providence has brought you here to make me reopen for the last time my other life, I cannot tell. Yet it has come to pass, and I have told you all. Now I must go. Your face reminds me strangely of the past which lies dead behind me, and I have no wish to dwell upon it. So I shall leave you; but before I go accept my blessing. We shall all pray for you often, for many owe you their lives. Farewell."

She rose up, and would have left me, but I stopped her.

"One word!" I cried. "Sister Agnes—I will forget that you ever had another name—I must ask you a question."

"Ask it then."

"When my father lay dead there was found upon his arm a gold bracelet."

"It seemed to me that a light swept over her face, but it might have been the glow of the lingering sun, for it was gone in a moment."

"And when I die," she said, there will be found one upon my arm. I have told you my story from the very worst point of view, seeking to extenuate nothing. But I had what seemed to me then to be some excuse for my wicked deed, I loved your father with a passionate overwhining love, and though I never think of that time now, that bracelet will never leave my arm. See."

She raised her long sleeve, and I saw the dull band of gold. I felt almost dizzy with bewilderment.

"There has been a foul plot," I cried. "Listen for one minute, Sister Agnes, while I tell you of my father's."

She sat down upon the bed and folded her hands.

"He was a brave, good man, your father," she said softly. "If he is dead, he is happy; even if it were sudden." I continued, "but I have not told you all. He died no natural death."

"No natural death!" she repeated wonderingly.

"He did not destroy himself?"

"Either that or he was murdered," I answered. "and God alone knows which. But listen! On that same morning the woman whom he had visited was found murdered!"

"Holy Mother!" she whispered, shuddering.

"The only clue we had to the mystery was this," I added, leaning towards her. "On the right arm of the murdered woman was found a gold bracelet, and on his was also one like

Again she was a woman, her gray eyes full of mingled horror and bewilderment and her cheeks blanched.

"It seemed to me that it was my place to solve this mystery," I continued. "I commenced my task by searching through my father's private papers, and from them I learned of his marriage to you. From Neilson, my father's servant, I learned of the bracelets which you and he wore. Can you wonder what everything seemed to lead to? My mother, Neilson, and myself, at separate times, and by different courses, arrived at the same conclusion. We decided that the woman at whose summons he had left his guests and gone at a moment's notice in the dead of night to the slums of London, must be his lawful wife."

"I had back from the dead. Of her death, after his visit, and of his that same night not one of us dared to think. And yet it has haunted me, has haunted all of us day and night since that awful discovery. My mother is dying of a broken heart, Neilson is almost a madman, and I am a wanderer on the face of the earth, and now either I am dreaming or my agony has been in vain. My God, I think I am going mad. Sister Agnes, if you are the woman whom he thought his wife, who was she who was murdered in London with the bracelet upon her arm, and what was she to my father? If you cannot tell me I shall go mad."

"She stood up on the floor with her hands pressed to her temples, and her eyes full of a terrible light, away from herself gently backwards and forwards. Then with a cry, awful beyond all expression, she sank down upon the ground a lifeless heap."

CHAPTER XVIII. A JOURNEY.

I sprang up from my couch and hastened to her side. At first I feared that she must be dead, for her face, even her lip was ghastly and colorless, and her pulses were beating so faintly that I did not at once discover them. I hurried on my clothes, and then opening the door cried aloud for help. The farmer's wife, who was our temporary hostess, came clattering upstairs in her huge sabots, and after her came one of the other sisters.

"Sister Agnes has fainted," I explained, as they opened the door. "What can we do for her? Have you brandy?"

They hastened to her side, and applied many restoratives, of which I knew nothing, but for a long time without effect.

"I must fetch a doctor," I cried. "Where can I find one?"

The sister took out her watch.

"Dr. Leneull will be here in a few minutes to see you, monsieur," she remarked. "Better wait for him. Will Monsieur lift her on to the bed?"

I did so, and by and by the signs of life began slowly to reappear. The sister looked at me doubtfully.

"Monsieur will pardon me," she said, "but if our dear sister's sudden illness had anything to do with him, would it not be better for him to retire for a while that she may not see him when she slowly opens her eyes? If Monsieur does not mind."

I turned away and left the room. Downstairs in the farmhouse kitchen, with its tiled floor and plain deal furniture, there were more of the sisters waiting, but on my entrance they rose up silently and left the room. Left to myself I tried to think quietly over what I had just heard. But it was impossible! Nothing seemed clear. Everything was wrapped in mystery, and though a great load had gone from my heart and I felt hope once more flashing like a quicksilver through my veins, it was all chaotic. I felt that I must know more or go mad.

After a while our hostess came down with the news that Sister Agnes was better, and was sleeping. She made me sit down at a corner of the table and eat some supper which she had been preparing, talking all the time volubly of the fire, of Sister Agnes' death, and of all the sisters, and apologizing—quite needlessly—for the poverty of the fare. I had not long finished when a message was brought down. Sister Agnes had recovered and was asking for me.

I went upstairs at once, and when I stood by her side, I was shocked to see the change which a few hours had made in her appearance. Something had gone from her face—the sweet, contemplative expression—and in its place her bright eyes were shining with anxiety, and her face was haggard and worn. She beckoned me close to her side.

"Ask me no questions," she said hoarsely, grasping my coat sleeve with her thin, nervous fingers. "Ask me no questions, but get ready to go a journey with me to-morrow. You will?"

"I will, Sister Agnes," I answered, softly. "Wherever you choose to take me."

(To be Continued.)

Excursions.

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Tormenting Tunes.

To a person possessed of a sensitive musical ear, and, indeed, to most people, who are gifted or not, few things are more irritating than the constant recurrence in the mind of some popular musical catch. At first picked up half unconsciously as a pleasing air, such tunes rapidly become a positive infliction, and sometimes effectually destroy all capacity for close attention to a subject for long periods at a time.

The same peculiarity may be noticed in almost any jingling rhyme, and the well known "Punch, brothers, punch with care" of the American humorist, though, of course, greatly exaggerated, is an excellent example of the way in which such verses occasionally run in a person's head. Only quite recently a correspondent wrote to *The Bits* stating that after learning the whole of Pope's Essay on Man, he found himself constantly repeating portions of the poem, sometimes mentally, sometimes aloud.

Most people have had the experience of some such tune or rhyme coming into their head in church, or some place where close attention is naturally required, and perhaps one of the most annoying of untimely seasons is when trying to add up a column of figures. Rarely indeed will the result come out right in such circumstances.

Such songs as *Hi, ti, hi* and *Where Did You Get That Hat*, in fact almost any of the popular refrains which are played, whistled and sung by every barrel organ, street boy and comic vocalist, are by far the worst offenders in the way of great composers are not often treated in this manner, though many of the most popular songs of the day are as good as good-bye to work until such time as it chooses to depart as mysteriously as it came. He whistles it unconsciously while thinking of it all the time, and generally wishes he had never heard it.

Most people remember the way in which White Wings jumped into popular favor when it was published. It was instantly caught up, and for a long time could be heard everywhere. Comrades is another instance of the same kind, and the list might be endlessly multiplied. Curiously enough, the words of great composers are not often treated in this manner, though many of the most popular songs of the day are as good as good-bye to work until such time as it chooses to depart as mysteriously as it came. He whistles it unconsciously while thinking of it all the time, and generally wishes he had never heard it.

A very common and unpleasant time to think of these tunes is when trying to go to sleep, and then they become positively maddening. Sleeplessness at any time is bad enough, but sleeplessness with the addition of one of these airs is infinitely worse. Sometimes the un-

fortunate sufferer goes on thinking of the same tune or repeating the same verses for hours, they persist in staying, and no amount of resolution will drive them away, until suddenly they go, and we think of them no more. Unfortunately it is impossible to avoid them. Every paper is full of such rhymes, and in the streets the tunes are heard on every side; in fact, escape is impossible; it is fate, and you must suffer.

The question of what should be done to the authors and composers of these jingles is a serious one. Possibly they suffer sufficiently in the composing of them. No doubt to many persons they afford intense pleasure, but to others they cause acute misery. Imagine a clergyman preaching a sermon experiencing a visitation of "Hi, ti, hi." It would probably disconnect his thoughts in a rather remarkable manner. A handsome young lady might derive noticeable satisfaction from thinking "There's after me," but who shall divine the feelings of the eligible bachelor conscious of the same terrible fact?

Still In It.

Bill Guthrie—Say, Mister, what's the name of this yer town?
Mr. Jackson Parke—This is Chicago.
Bill Guthrie—Chicago yet? A man told me two days ago I was in Chicago, and I've been drivin' right along.
Mr. Jackson Parke—That's right.

Looking Out for Tiny's Interests.

Mrs. Monthwed (to hardware clerk)—Will this stove cook cocoanut cake?
Clerk—Yes'm; it will cook anything.
Mrs. Monthwed (to puddle)—Be quiet, Tiny! Would it cook Tiny if he happened to jump into the oven?
Clerk—I'm afraid it would, ma'am.
Mrs. Monthwed—Well, I guess you'd better show me some other kind of a stove.

Of Two Evils Choose the Least.

Office Boy—Say; dere's a big slugger downstairs as wants ter lick yer fer somethin' yer said in der paper; an' a little sad-eyed woman wid some poetry.
Editor—Great snakes! Show up the pugilist!
—Wasp.

New Mexico for Consumptives.

"I think that New Mexico surpasses any locality for consumptives I have yet visited, and I have been all over California, Colorado and the South, Sandwich Islands and much in Europe."
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An Ideal Shattered.

Muynd—Did you read that poem I marked for you?
Miss Smatter—Yes.
Mr. Muynd—What did you think of it?
Miss Smatter—Oh, wasn't it long!

A Somewhat Tardy Rescuer.

Voice (from the well)—Hi!p!
Sheehan—Is any wan down there?
Voice—O! am I!
Sheehan—What's the yure name?
Voice—Hallow!
Sheehan—Well, Hallowan, yer musty fell a mile 't mek a hole like thot in th' ground phin yez shtruck.

A Badge of Respectability.

Mrs. Cumso (to six-year-old daughter)—But are you sure that this little girl you have been playing with is of a respectable family?
Mabel—Oh, yes, indeed. Her papa and mamma have only one child.

Murder in His Heart.

Hackett (savagely)—I want to get some ribbon for my wife's dog.
Clerk—Yes, sir. How will this do?
Hackett—Do you think this will bear his weight?

Concealed.

Mrs. Ephraim (to her husband, who has just returned from her city cousin's, where a party was held the night of his arrival)—Now, Ephraim, what did the wimmen-folks wear?
Ephraim—I (puff) dunno (puff, puff). I didn't look (puff, puff) under the table.

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

Der ting don't always hafe a moon on it vas der poety grwick fien.
Oxtianze vas a gift too sacred to fool mit. Der fellier don't vas make it squander vas not more wort as last year aln alnize.
Der great Arkidder of deroonifere dond hafe plaindy lofe for a fellier who vas a great used in plishness when he forgots who gafe him such luck.

His Secret.

Cholly—Wheah do you get shaved?
Chappie—Will you swesh nevah to give me away if I tell you a secwet?
Cholly—I swesh.
Chappie—Well, I don't get shaved at all.

Ah! Where?

"They say Robinson has water on the brain."
"Where did he get it?"
"What—the water?"
"No—the brain."

In the Plural.

"Ah, Mees Hobartone, you climb ze Mattie-horn! Zat vas a foot to be proud off."
"Pardon me, count, but you mean feat."
"O oh! you climb it more san once!"

A Dangerous Place.

"I haven't seen Maunders for a week or two."
"No; he's very sick. He went to a faith-cure meeting and took a severe cold."

Consolation.

"By thunder!" said the unhappy artist, "they've skied me."
"Never mind, Henry," said his wife; "all your last week's wash is on the line."

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The Best Rule.
Wilkins—Before you strike a man see that he deserves it.
Billkins—Poo! I have a better rule than that.
Wilkins—What is it, pray?
Billkins—See that he is smaller than you.—
Yankee Blade.

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USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.
Dr. Lorenzo Waite, Pittsfield, Mass., says: "From its use for a period of about eight weeks, to the exclusion of all other remedies, I attribute the restoration to health of a patient who was enfeebled to the last degree, in consequence of nervous prostration and dyspepsia. This patient's stomach was in such an irritable condition that he could not bear either liquid or solid food. An accomplished physician of many years' experience, whom I called in consultation, pronounced his case an incurable one. At this stage I decided to use Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which resulted as above mentioned."

Return and Second Departure of The Frodibal Son.



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Three Little Spectres.

If boards could only speak what yarns those old planks of Bosquet's wharf could spin! At other seasons we had various rendezvous—the river itself where there was good skating; the school yard where "one old cat" monopolized our limbs and lungs; and then, when all the earth lay knee-deep in snow we would hie us to the Ramparts for tobogganing. But during these long summer days when sliding, snow-shoeing and the like were practical impossibilities, Bosquet's was our bivouac par excellence; and there from early morning until long after sunset, mothers in search of recreant small fry might turn their steps with pretty fair chance of alighting upon the delinquents.

These unexpected maternal visitations were at times fraught with much embarrassment, for our appearance, as a general rule, reminded one rather forcibly of that peculiar style of garbiture so much affected by our first parents in Eden before the fall, and then if we did happen to be clothed and in our right mind it was ten chances to one that we were puffing away at a piece of cane, provided there was no pipe to be procured.

Apart from the wharf itself, which was such a capital place to dive off, there were other and cogent reasons that made it dear to our small boy hearts. For one thing, the beach was sandy and you could wade out for quite a distance, so that even the very little chaps could participate in the fun. Besides that, the great piles of lumber with which the wharf was covered, rendered it the best spot imaginable for a game of kick the wicket; and by abstracting some of the boards from the center of the piles we arranged some first-rate impromptu dressing rooms. Not that our clothes were of such costly material that we feared they might be stolen if left promiscuously about. Dear me, no! There was little enough of them in all sense and that little much bespattered. But between us and the town French boys—Pee Soups, we used to call them—there existed a feud of such long standing that it almost rivaled that notorious Montague-Capulet controversy, both for its antiquity and for the vigor with which it was carried on; and there were instances upon record where, while we with never a care nor an outer garment were disputing ourselves in the river, some of the said Pee Soups, with their hands upon our habiliments, and not content with knotting them so effectively that at least a quarter of an hour's tussle tooth and nail was for us a foregone conclusion, they had proceeded to even farther extremities and, having wrapped them about a stone of good proportion, had consigned the entire bundle to a watery grave from which subsequently, with many vows of vengeance, we rescued them piecemeal.

But after all, the greatest attraction the old wharf held for us was that, from being situated within the town limits, it was a prohibited bathing place; and a placard posted conspicuously proclaimed that all who bathed there should be "prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law."

When this edict made its appearance some fine June morning, far from dampening our ardor, it lent an additional piquancy to our abominations. At all events, save in the most literal sense of the term, it threw no cold water on them; for, having in previous encounters gauged to a nicety the valor and running powers of our town's solitary policeman, there was just enough daredevilry in the matter to preserve us from *ennui*.

But the spectres? Why, I was forgetting all about them. Well, one afternoon we had been down there swimming, as usual, and seated about the wharf in various stages of *dishabille* we were making our toilets prior to returning home, when suddenly a little brother of mine, who was rejoicing in the possession of a new straw hat, I recollect, called our attention to a peculiarly shaped and most ominous looking cloud which was bearing down upon us from the west.

We all examined it critically and without reason, for as clouds go in our part of the country it was decidedly out of the general run. In one respect it formed a striking contrast to his *Stankie Majesty* for, while it is generally admitted that even he is not so black as he occasionally is painted, I have yet to see the picture in which there is exhibited a cloud of as lanky a hue as this one. Its shape was also most peculiar and it came sweeping on toward us like some monstrous ball poised in mid-air.

"That chap means business!" one youthful seer remarked as he tied his shoestrings with an additional degree of haste. It was evident to all of us that it was going to rain 'cats and dogs, and had it not been for Shadrach in all probability we should have speedily made tracks for home. But Shadrach was unfortunately possessed of a bump of adventure of unusual development, and when he suggested that it would be no end of a lark to stay in the water during the storm, just to see how it felt, you know, Meshach and I, Abnegado, volunteered to bear him company. Some of the bigger fellows warned us that it was sheer madness to attempt it; but we were not to be turned from our intention by any advice of theirs; so, seeing that there was no use in arguing the matter further, they retired to one of the lumber piles where, rabbit-like, we hid burrowed an opening large enough to accommodate our entire party, and from this secure and dry coign of vantage they expectantly awaited developments. And after all, what is there more delightful than watching another's discomfort when one's self is well out of harm's way? One only needs to be able to add truthfully an "I told you so" to the discomforted already overflowing cup to make the ecstasy complete.

To tell the truth, it was not without grim forebodings that, sitting on the edge of the wharf, we regarded affairs ourselves. But in an evil hour we had volunteered to make the experiment, and we were not going to back down for anything short of a tornado, notwithstanding the fact that, as the newspapers say of affairs in Europe, "the outlook was very dark."

A great hush fell upon us; nobody spoke for a moment or two, and the river lay there without a ripple. The cloud was now directly overhead, and the air was hot and sultry. Suddenly it grew dark and then, heralded by a gleam of lightning and a tremendous peal of thunder, broke upon our heads.

And then the wind! Whew! how it did blow during the next five minutes. The very first gust made off with my small brother's hat, and though from the lumber pile he called on me with tears to save it from such an untimely end, under the circumstances I felt obliged to decline. Why, within half a minute the whole river was churned into fury, the water hissing and seething as though it were boiling hot, and presently no less than three upturned rowboats were driven past us down the stream. Old Bosquet lost a small fortune that day, for the planks composing the lumber piles were blown away like so many feathers. How we ever escaped being struck by some of them seems a marvel to me; and how we ourselves were not blown off the wharf seem even more miraculous. We had strong arms, thank fortune, and bracing our elbows as best we could, we clung to it like grim death. I have a dim recollection of seeing the other boys scramble out of the lumber pile as it began to fall, but where they found shelter and how they reached home we did not know until afterward. Indeed, it was as much as we could do to keep track of ourselves. And then to cap the climax it began to hail! Some of the stones were the size of a "pee wee" marble, and they came into our skins like so many thousand needles. Talk about ducks diving on a red hot floor—why, that couldn't hold a candle to the can-can we three executed. At length it became unbearable, and a particularly well developed stone having hit Shadrach with telling effect, he then and there gave voice to his intention of starting for home instantly. "Hurry!" we echoed, casting a significant glance at our lack of garbiture.

"Yes, home," he cried, "and you fellows had better come too!" And, suiting the action to the word, off the three of us started at a speed which would have done credit to a mustang which chanced to have a band of cowboys in full cry.

Luckily our way lay across some meadows, and there were no houses to be passed, for Shadrach's father was a Government official and had his quarters in the barracks, which were situated near the river, some three hundred yards from the wharf. In the old days they had been as fine a pile of buildings as were to be found anywhere in Canada, but now that no regiment was stationed there they were falling into sad decay. Some of the town's poor occupied the men's quarters; but a woman's hand had metamorphosed the old mess rooms and had robbed them of their old-time gauntness and military precision. This was Shadrach's home, and toward it we scampered at break-neck speed.

Now, in the rooms directly above Shadrach's lived an old seamstress with a boy of her orphan grandchildren. She was a worthy old creature and most devout, but none the less superstitious for all that. Since the storm broke she had been allaying the fears of her young brood as best she could, being greatly alarmed herself. And at just about the same time that we set out from Bosquet's one of the windows at the head of the staircase burst open and began to slam. If that window were to remain open the old dame knew that there would be no end of damage done, so, as none of her grandchildren would stir hand or foot, she picked up a broom and went to close it. It was just at this very moment that, peering and dripping wet, we burst into the house and tore breathlessly along the lower corridor. We were only visible to her for an instant as we rushed past, but the slight glimpse she caught of us was quite sufficient. With a muttered: "Mon Dieu!" she dropped upon her knees and clutched instinctively at her rosary for preservation.

Doublets she tells the tale to this day of how, when that awful storm was at its height, three spectres, clammy and ghastly, appeared to her in the long corridor. She regarded her grandchildren with all the details of it that night and her neighbors upon the first opportunity. Her story, with a propensity common to all yarns, lost nothing, and by this time I have no doubt it has become an accepted fact that, when there is a storm raging and the corridors grow dark, by the flashes of lightning the three spectres may be seen dancing, with the thunder claps for an accompaniment.

As for us, once Shadrach's door closed behind us, with all due speed we jumped into bed and then called lustily for—clothes. Presently when the ladies came to our aid, they found us laughing so that the bed fairly shook beneath us.

But there were others—three women at all events—to whom our escapade had proved no laughing matter. And when at length the storm had spent itself, and clad in extemporary costumes, Meshach and I set out for home, in two houses there were mothers waiting, from whose hearts as they first caught sight of us there went up a glad "Thank God!"

Other youngsters disport themselves at Bosquet's now, and we, the whilom small fry, have grown quite dignified and staid. Nowadays our aquatic exercises are largely confined to the bathtub, but it does not follow that we are one whit less foolhardy than of yore, though our manner of evincing the fact has changed considerably; while as for being happier—well, however it may have fared with the other "spectres," for one of them there is no face to watch at the window now nor kiss to welcome home.

ACTON DAVIES

CONGRATULATIONS.—Thy large number of letters of thank and congratulations received from every part of the Dominion is a sufficient proof of the efficiency of the new Hair Restorer "Capiline." Try it and you will never use any other.

Fair Fare.

The Talkative Passenger.—What kind of a fair are you going to have in ninety-three, any way?

The Chicago Restaurateur.—Oh, much the same as usual, I guess. Rast beef, pork, ham, bacon, eggs, beefsteak, fried liver.

Never.

"Do you believe Ward MacAllister is disgusted with the returns from his book?"

"No, indeed. Mac would never quarrel with royalties."

A Chilling Reception.

"What did you do on earth?" asked Saint Peter of the latest arrival.

"I owned several flat houses, and lived off the income from them."

"Then I'm afraid you wouldn't be happy in Heaven. You see, we take children here. Please step into the elevator. It is about to go down."

She Wondered.

Maud—Do you play chess, Mr. Lingard?

Mr. Lingard—No; what made you think I did?

Maud—Nothing; only it seems to take you forever to make a move.

The Inside Facts.

Tom Bigbee—I can't see, my boy, what you can find to do with a valet.

Howell Gibbon—Well, I don't, old man, don't know. But he knows what to do with me!

Veritable Antique.

His Mamma—I suppose this young lady you are in love with is of some good old family.

Van Rensselaer—Oh, yes, mamma! One of the oldest in Chicago.

A Decided Shur.

"I am no particular friend of the Italians; but I do draw the line at one thing."

"And what is that?"

"Why, this report of the railroad accident. It says: Three Men Killed! and Twenty-seven Italians."

To Avoid Errors.

Never judge a maiden by the beauty of her hair;

Never judge a chap by his ever-vacant stare;

Never judge a banker by the jingle of his change;

Never judge a comely by the blackness of his range;

Never judge a landlord by the smallness of his rents;

In fact, in all things keep your judgment ever in suspense.

He Knew.

"Dinguss is a man of expensive habits, is he not, Shadbolt?"

"Yes, Dinguss' habits since I have been acquainted with him have cost me one hundred and fifty-six dollars, without counting a cent for interest."—Chicago Tribune.

A Vice-Versa.

Visitor (to inhabitant of very small village)—But surely you must find it very dull here, never getting any newspapers. How do you know what's going on in London for instance?

Inhabitant—Oh, mon! but dinna ye ken that the folk in Lunnoun are just as ignorant o' what's gaun on wi' us?

Kick'g Cos's

"Look h're," said an excited man to a druggist, "you gave me morphine for quinine this mornin'!"

"Is that so," replied the druggist. "Then you owe me twenty-five cents. That's the difference in the price."—Brooklyn Life.

A Give-Away.

Judge—Officer, you say this woman, when locked up, was dressed in men's attire?

Officer—Yes, sir; but I didn't suspect her sex until this morning, when she was buttoning her shoes.

Judge—How did you detect it then?

Officer—She asked me for a hairpin!

Sweet Revenge.

Howell Gibbon—The Uppen-Uppen's haven't invited me to their ball, but I shall get square with them.

Hoffman Howe—How?

Howell Gibbon—I sha'n't go.

Personal Experience.

Edward Hanlan, champion oarsman, says: "For muscular pains in the limbs, I have found St. Jacobs Oil a reliable remedy. Its results are the most beneficial, and I have pleasure in recommending it from personal experience."

An Important Point.

"It is rumored in Chicago that the Emperor William is coming over to the World's Fair."

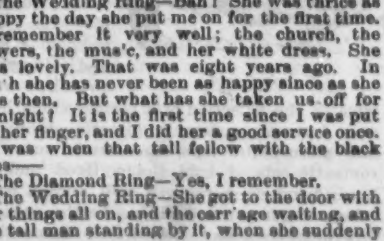
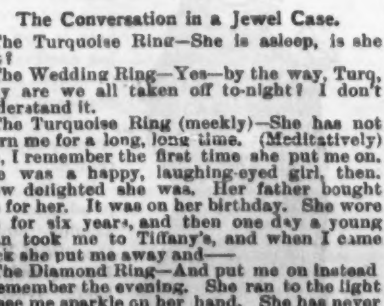
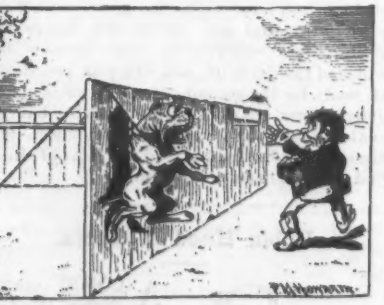
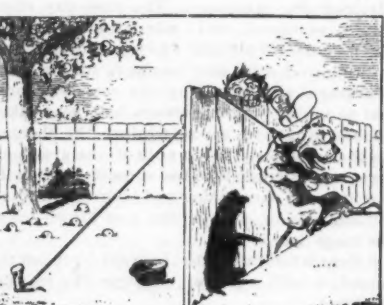
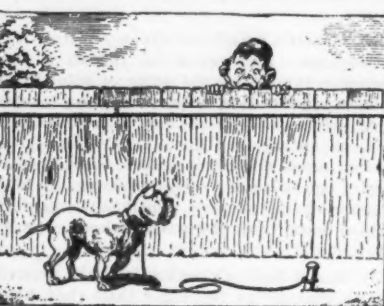
"Um—ah—as an exhibit or as a visitor?"

Sohmer Pianos.

The popularity of these delightful instruments is instanced by the fact that there are now a very large number of them in the houses of leading musicians of Toronto. A great many are Parlor, Baby and Bijou Grands, for which the Sohmer Company is so justly celebrated. To hear the tone is to be charmed. Messrs. A. T. Button & Co., 107 Yonge street, are the sole representatives and are also agents for the renowned New York Weber and the popular Uxbridge Pianos.

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OR, HOW A DOG OVERREACHED HIMSELF.



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held up her hand and looked at me. Then she burst into tears and ran back into the house. The Diamond Ring—Pshaw! You are sentimental. I wanted her to go on. They were going to travel in Europe and settle down finally in Italy. It would have been lots of fun for me.

The Turquoise Ring—But I was to have been left behind and would never have seen her again. Now it is my turn once more. This afternoon she came to me and kissed me, and cried over me, and told me that to-morrow she would begin wearing me again, and that you two were to be taken off forever. It is a thing that they call divorce that has done it. I'm sure I don't know what it is, but I'm very thankful for it.

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The springs are numerous and the water is of all temperatures (from hot to cool), and has a great reputation for the cure of rheumatism, gout, gravel, skin diseases, catarrh, lithiasis, etc.

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References—Prof. W. S. Haines, W. H. Byford, A. Reeves Jackson, R. N. Isham, E. Andrews, D. R. Brewer, T. S. Hoyne, Drs. J. J. Ransom, Chas. Gilman Smith, E. J. Doening, J. F. Todd, D. T. Nelson, T. C. Duncan, J. F. Darter and others.

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Reciprocity.

Co'en (tragically)—Aha! and so I haf been nursing a snake in mine bosom.

Loewenstein—How was dot?

Cohen—Here I haf paid your car-fare at least four dimes, and now you refuse to lend me a five-dollar bill.

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Which? Make you look as though you had Been Out of a Wooden Block with a Jack-knife



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"What on earth is Jimmie crying about now!" asked papa.

"He wants to give his gold fish a bath," returned mamma.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to the readers.

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Our Christmas Number.

The Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT, now almost completed, will be issued about December 1. It contains a greater number of more beautiful illustrations than any previous edition. The stories are of unusual interest and have been handsomely illustrated by the best Canadian artists. The poetical portion of the number will certainly be considered a credit to Canadian literature. Altogether there will be forty-four pages of reading matter and pictures, and the pictorial supplement is admitted by everyone who has seen it to be the most magnificent thing ever issued with a newspaper. The English and Parisian papers have never had, and have not this year, anything of such artistic merit or of richness and softness of color. The price of the number will be as last year, 50c. Those desiring it can receive it by mail, carefully packed in a tube, postage free, by sending a half a dollar to the Sheppard Publishing Company, Limited.

The Drama.

DURING the "rest half of this week the nearest approach to a dramatic performance in Toronto was the tank drama at Jacobs & Sparrow's. This dreary tale of crime, diluted with lukewarm water, has been presented by a thin and watery company. At the Grand during the first half of the week the Duff Opera Company with the pretty girls presented operas which, though they were funny, one needed to take one's common sense off with one's overcoat to thoroughly enjoy. During the last half of the week, however, we have had at the Grand a truly fine legitimate comedy, *The Last Word*, translated from the German by Augustin Daly. Ada Rehan is now winning great applause in this comedy in London, Eng., but the leading lady of the company playing this afternoon and to-night is not far behind Rehan in this play. The brilliant work of Miss Ffolliott Paget as Aunt Jack last season is well remembered and she is a comedienne of high order. Her performance will be more fully spoken of next week. Another variety farce has been at the Academy during the last three nights of this week, and the long-suffering, weary theatergoer cries out "How long?" Frank Daniels and Miss Sanson are painstaking, funny people in kind, but Little Puck with its noise and crude colors gives one a headache. For this afternoon, however, something new and well promising is announced, a double bill of Buckstone's comedy, *The Dead Shot* and *The Attorney*. These comedies are a distinct advance on Little Puck and should be interesting.

The air is full of the cries of reformers of the drama. The latest production to fall under the busy pen of the female nation purifier is the time-honored melodrama, *Punch and Judy*. I think that this well mixture of comedy and crime might have been spared, but a lady writer in *Babyhood* denounces it in scathing terms. It is said to pollute the pure minds of babes and sucklings with loose views on the subject of crime, and to render craven blithe young souls by implanting fears in them with its spectacle of the murder haunted by wooden-headed ghosts. To be sure, the creator of *Punch* had evidently no more intention of drawing a moral portrait than Shakespeare when he created *Falstaff*. But surely the moral is patent. Does not the drama plainly teach that the way of the transgressor is hard, and does not the alligator ultimately eat the miserable, remorseful, spectre-haunted *Punch*? And of late the horror thing has been mitigated. *Punch* does not kill the baby at all, and his other victims are slaughtered in a less horrible way. The last time I saw the show, which is elastic as to changes in form as a variety farce, his victims were a nigger, a Chinaman and a policeman, and they were each killed by being thrust into a sausage machine, and the sausages they made were respectively black, tawny, with a pig-tail at the end of the string, and blue with garnishings of brass buttons. I guess the scenes of *Punch and Judy* are no more fearful than some in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but women have got to have their little kick. It is rumored that Tom, Tom the Piper's Son and The Cow Jumped Over the Moon are to be expurgated from the volumes of juvenile poetry, on account of the pig-stealing episode and the immorality of the cat who ran away with the spoon.

The Ben Hur company has by this time got the rouge and powder washed off its collective face. It is with regret I believe that many of the members parted with their complexions. They lost with the paint the *distingue* air which it gave them where'er they went. As



you walked on King street you would notice in the distance some derby-coated young man or fashionably attired young lady walking with an air of hauteur and elation, and you would mentally remark, "Here comes a stage-struck Ben Hurist," and when the person came closer the be-daubed face would confirm your surmise. Hamilton is all agog over the same affair, and some of the good people of that righteous town are objecting to one of the tableaux as irreverent. But this is not surprising. I know people who think it irreverent to bring the devil on in Faust. Perhaps it is a relic of the savage religion which conciliates gods who work evil, which makes respectable citizens so jealous for the devil's dignity. But, speaking of the Ben Hur performers, what a good thing it was that the cold snap didn't come last week. The horrible results here depicted might have come to pass and the dignity of our fine young men who needed no "symmetricals" to act as Roman Soldiers been spoiled. TOUCHSTONE.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Those who compose strange tales about Sarah Bernhardt say that when things go wrong on the stage she waits until the curtain goes down, and then adopts one of three ways to relieve her feelings. She strikes the stage carpenter with the heaviest thing that she can lift, has fainting fits, accompanied by most dangerous symptoms, or calls her managers in and discharges them.

It is probable that she did all those things in New York the other night, for the performance was a peculiarly trying one. Theadora was the piece, and everything went wrong. The actor who played Andreas made frantic signals for some one to shut off the draught that was pouring on him from the wings. The Frenchman's wise dread of what he calls the current of air was not a sufficient excuse. This actor was talking to the woman who had ruined his prospects, and at the same time had about him numerous stab wounds, and contained in his midst deadly poison administered by her. To worry about a draught under those circumstances was death to realism.

But there was something much more bitter than that in Mme. Bernhardt's cup. Her fine actor, Duquesne, who was to play the part of her husband, the Emperor Justinian, and who played Scarpia in Toronto, had been discharged by her that day in a fit of tantrums.

Far from being crushed, M. Duquesne went home and put on an *Evening Sun* hat and a dress coat without any tails, one of the sort commonly known as Tuxedo. Then he came placidly back and took up his stand before the footlights.

Whoever is not an artist can never know how Bernhardt felt. In fact, she is so much more of an artist that anybody else that only the shade of the late Rachel could appreciate her feelings as she saw the man who had been playing Lahire to her Joan of Arc and Scarpia to her Tosca, clothed in a tail-less dress coat, and critically gazing at her from beneath the rim of his *Evening Sun* hat.

After a while M. Duquesne left the theater by Mme. Bernhardt's special request, but everything had been spoiled for the evening by that time.

An asylum for the orphans of actors is one of the possibilities in New York. It is said to have the actors' fund behind it. Miss Mabel Eaton, an Omaha girl, who has been studying at the Chicago conservatory for two years, has been engaged by Augustin Daly. She has gone to New York to enter Mr. Daly's company. Augustus Thomas and Sidney Rosenfeld are to collaborate in a play for Nat Goodwin.

John D. Gilbert, the funny man of The High Roller, has left that ill-fated show, which went on to the rocks as was predicted in these columns. He joined Corinne at Toronto last week. By the way, Mrs. Kimball has begun suit in the Chicago courts for a divorce from her husband on the grounds of desertion. The title of the case is Rosylpha J. Flaherty vs. Thomas Flaherty. But then Corinne Flaherty is just as pretty as Little Corinne.

The critic of the Chicago *Daily Press*, speaking of the habit of grand opera singers of resting four nights out of seven, says: "There is a great deal of fuss and feathers over the amount of labor an operatic artist performs in the singing of an important role."

"All of which is the most arrant nonsense that the dear public was ever asked to believe in."

"The cold, bald truth is that there is not on the lyric stage a star who does one-fifth the work of an ordinary dramatic star. Look at Bernhardt. Did Patti under any circumstances, anywhere, at any time, do the work that the French actress accomplished here during her last engagement, when she gave ten performances in one week? Will any musical crank—the rankest of all rank cranks permitted to dwell upon this earth—pretend for a moment that Patti's performances are more exhausting and fatiguing to the artist than Bernhardt's?"

"The pretensions and the airs that operatic artists give themselves are among the most tiresome things of this world. And this refers to concert singers as well. I do not now recall that I ever heard one of our great sopranos in concert—with the possible exception of Patti—sing as simple a ballad as the *Sueño* River without holding the music in front of her. The great ones do this, and their weaker sisters follow their foolish example."

"It is a silly custom and should be reformed. Perhaps the gone but not forgotten Emma Abbott could not sing, but she made millions think she could, and many of these algebras

would do well, financially and artistically, by dropping their silly ideas and following the example of the plucky little American woman who often sang eight times a week without a murmur."

Minna Gale, formerly of the Booth and Barrett Company, who has just begun auspiciously her career as a star, is forever fighting that enemy of the actress—an over-plus of flesh. In the past she resorted to the most strenuous measures to "keep herself down," and worried and brooded over the subject until, except for the natural perversity of such things, she ought to have grown beautifully less in size. Now she apparently has no cause to grieve, but that dreadful spectre, a fat "Juliet," still haunts her as an awful possibility. Can we wonder at it? A couple of weeks ago Clara Morris produced broad smiles on the faces of her audience here in the last act of *Camille* by turning back the sleeves of her peignoir from a pair of noticeably robust arms that looked as if they could fell an ordinary man to earth, and murmuring in tremulous, consumptive tones of surprise as she regarded them pathetically: "Why, how thin they are!"

Lillian Russell's latest pose is that of the fond mamma. Her photographs taken with her little daughter hanging over her shoulder, and a devoted mother smile lingering about the lips of the cantatrice, are touching in the extreme, and she babbles artlessly to the interviewer and the casual acquaintance of Little Lillian *ad nauseam*. She is evidently going to be maternal this winter with a vengeance, and I feel sure that by spring we shall no longer need Mrs. Kendal as an example and pattern of all the domestic virtues bound up with the dramatic art in the personality of a charming actress.

The fantastic pranks of typos are truly unaccountable. Last week in Detroit a programme printer made the name of actor Errol Dunbar appear Dun Leyer, and now comes along another of the same sort who transforms dramatic author De Mille to Doc Miller. That Detroit proof reader who made singing contingent (speaking of a recent performance of a Wagner opera) *surging* contingent, possibly builded better than the writer whose copy he manipulated.

Mr. Stuart Robson's profits from the present season promise to be larger than they have ever been. Wonder if May Waldron will continue to draw a salary, now that she is Mrs. Robson!

Camille D'Arville has come to America again. She is recalled as the tall English woman who once made Lillian Russell jealous when the pair were together in *The Queen's Mate*. D'Arville came back with her husband, who is one of the Wilson brothers, variety acrobats. She is to sing Maid Marian in *Robin Hood* with the Bostonians.

Shirley France in his younger days barnstormed the country like many another "poor party" who later came to riches and renown. During one of these old-time tours the company got into a little town where the theater adjoined the cemetery. The first day there was a rehearsal, and after that was over Shirley strolled outside and sat himself down to think over some new business for his part. Workmen were mending the cemetery fence and a number of grave stones had been taken up and ranged in a row against the theater. As the actor was taking note of the gruesome array a gentleman who had some business with the company came along and addressed him:

"Beg pardon, sir, but can you direct me to the stage door?"

"Fourth tombstone to the right," replied the comedian with a gloomy, stranger-like wave of the hand.

Mr. Daniel Frohman, speaking of the health of actors the other day, said: "I remember once about eight years ago, when Mme. Modjeska was playing under my management. We were billed to open in Baltimore in *As You Like It*. On the morning of the opening night Mme. Modjeska sent word to me that she was so ill that she could not leave her bed. Later in the day she rallied and sent word that she would play. She was driven to the stage in a close carriage, and her husband and a doctor stood at the wings to receive her as she came off after the first act. She fell into her husband's arms in a dead faint, and was carried to her dressing-room. Fortunately she had taken the precaution of putting on her buskins and hose under the gown which she wore in the first act. While the doctor was giving her restoratives her dresser had whisked the dress off, and she was practically all ready for the second act. The waits were a little longer than usual that night, but the next day all the newspapers announced that Mme. Modjeska had played the part of Rosalind with all her usual charm."

Robin Hood in Opera.



FRANK TUCK.

A COMIC opera—Robin Hood—of unusual freshness and sweetness, is now being successfully presented at the Standard Theater, New York City, by the Bostonians. It was first produced in London under the title of *Maid Marian*, and was there received with applause. The authors, Messrs. Reginald de Koven and Harry B. Smith, were wise in the selection of a period which is at once interesting from a historic standpoint and picturesque from a theatrical one. The romantic tale of bold Robin Hood and his hardy band of merry men will always prove interesting in spite of all the liberties our later day romancists may take with it. Some of the love of our childhood for the poetic stories of

our nursery days clings to us still. Sherwood Forest once more spreads its sheltering boughs over the huntsman lost in the sylvan glade. We listen for the sound of his winding horn. And the gloom still conceals the poacher who lies in wait for the king's fat deer. How those suits of Lincoln green rise before us—just as green and crude as the illustration was in that thumb-marked, dog-eared volume. We do not forget our affection for bold Robin Hood, who never robbed the poor, just as though the rich were not fatter game. Or for Little John, or Friar Tuck, or Allan-a-Dale.

These memories come back to us as we sit in our comfortable orchestra-chairs and watch the efforts of the Sheriff of Nottingham to capture the bold outlaw. But we anticipate.

Although there is much lacking in music and text which it would afford us pleasure to record, there is still enough to entitle this latest comic opera to a place in the list of creditable efforts. The music is light, sweet, and refined. At times we fancy Mr. de Koven has been influenced by his musical memories, and that it would not be difficult to trace his musical ideas back to the great writers of grand opera. If this is a fault, it is such a good fault that we are more inclined to praise than cavil. The airs of the piece are not likely to become the property of the street arab, and will undoubtedly become popular in the drawing-room.

Mr. Smith has worked well, but not brilliantly. He has told his story simply and furnished some neatly turned lines in his ballads; but his humor is not of the broad, coarse order of the popular libretto-writer, nor is it in the dainty, delicate vein of Mr. Gilbert. Every line bears the impress of honest labor, and not one the flash of genius. Still, it is so acceptable, so clean, so honest, and so meritorious that it is a pleasure to hear the dialogue—which is saying much for a comic opera.

The version of the story of Robin Hood as told by the authors runs in these lines: Maid Marian (Caroline Hamilton) is betrothed to Robert of Huntington. But as the course of true love never runs smooth, we are not surprised to find the Sheriff of Nottingham (H. C. Barnabee) plotting for the wealth of the lovers. He declares that Robert (Tom Karl) was changed at his birth, and that the true Earl of Huntington is one who has hitherto been considered a mere country bumpkin. The king has ordered the marriage of Maid Marian to the earl. He who has always been looked upon as the rightful Robert of Huntington flies to Sherwood Forest, and joins the merry foresters who defy the king's pleasure and hunt the king's deer. He becomes chief of the outlaws, and takes the name of Robin Hood. Little John is chief lieutenant, Allan-a-Dale, his second, and Friar Tuck, his chaplain.

Maid Marian, true to her love, rejects her new suitor and flies to Sherwood Forest in search of her wandering lover. News of the prowess and daring deeds of Robin Hood are brought to Nottingham, and the sheriff with a posse disguised as strolling tinklers sets out to capture him. Marian joins her lover. Allan-a-Dale (Jessie Bartlett Davis) believing Robin has made love to his sweetheart, determines to betray him to the sheriff. He does so, and Robin Hood is captured. Allan-a-Dale discovers his mistake, summons the band, and frees the outlaw chief. The king's soldiers arrive, and Robin is carried off to Nottingham.

In the third act, Robin Hood escapes from jail, flies to the forest, and rejoins the band. He returns with his followers, and fills the church in which the wedding is to be celebrated between Marian and the wrongful Earl of Huntington. They overcome the sheriff, and the bold outlaw having seized his bride is about to seek the shelter of the forest shade. A soldier arrives with the king's pardon to Robin Hood. In a very few moments we find him restored to his title and estates and the curtain falls upon a happy condition of affairs.

The humor of the piece is afforded by the Sheriff of Nottingham. This role, in the trusty hands of Mr. Barnabee, is made picturesque, effective, and highly amusing.

The sheriff and chorus sing this song:

Sheriff: I am the Sheriff of Nottingham,
My eye is like an eagle's;
So sly and clever—in fact I am
One of the law's best boogies.
I'm a genius quite.
He's a wonderful sight.
Guy: I'm considered remarkably bright.
If any one fractures the slightest law,
With a glance I can fill him with panic awe.
Bow low!
Guy: Bow low as you can.

A drinking song, extolling the virtues of brown October ale, is as follows:

Little John: And it's will ye quaff with me, my lady,
And it's will ye quaff with me?
It is a draught of nut-brown ale
I offer unto ye.
All humming in the tankard, lads,
It cheers the heart forlorn;
Oh, here's a friend to every one—
The stout John Barleycorn.

Chorus: So laugh, lads, and quaff, lads;
'Twill make you stout and hale;
Through all my days, I'll sing the praise
Of brown October ale.
Now, tapers, if in me you'd win
A friend who will not fail,
Fill up once more the canakin
With brown October ale.

One of the happiest was made by the chorus of tinkers:

'Tis merry journeymen we are,
All in the tinkering line, sirs;
We tramp the roadways near and far,
If weather it be fine, sirs.
And if so be some churlish lout
Should make us surly answers,
We straightway drown his utterance out
By tapping on our pans, sirs.
Then we rap, rap, rap,
And we tap, tap, tap,
From the dawn till the dark of night, sirs;
We are men of mettle,
And the can or kettle
Doesn't live that we can't set right, sirs.
Tink tank, clink clank—
Hear our hummers ring;
When trade is brisk
We frolic; and we frisk
As happy and gay as a king.

Taking one consideration with another, the author's selection of a theme was quite a happy one; and if the applause of many audiences is a guarantee of success, Messrs. de Koven and Smith have hit the comic opera nail squarely on the head.

The Dying Leaf.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, mother, has this lovely summer flown,
And must my life be thus so early ston?
Have you no power to hold me longer here,
Where I have been so useful half a year?

See you the blush of color in my cheek?
And day by day I grow more deeply flushed and weak.
Faint first as tints at early dawn of day,
But deeper, darker, under winter's cruel sway.

You, who have given me life, dear mother, speak!
Have you no bribe to slay the tyrant bleak?
How can your heart be fresh and green and gay,
When you see me thus so surely, swiftly to decay.

Mother, mother, is dread winter indeed so near,
And still you keep your wonted youthful cheer?
Last night I heard a whisper thro' the trees,
"Leaves, leaves, you've drunk your pleasure to the lees!"

And will you look from lofty height with scorn
At me, laid low, who from thee was born?
Lowly I shall lie, trampled by the unheeding throng,
Whom I have served for shelter all the summer long.

Dying, dead, speeding rapidly to decay,
Not one, midst all the selfish mass to say,
"Here lies a leaf that sheltered me from heat
As I lay resting on that dear old oak."

And you, dear mother, amongst all the rest,
Are you prepared to say: "Go child, 'tis for the best."
"Yes, for the best," that I should bleedling lie
Torn from thy breast, left withered, crushed to die.

"Foolish spirit, ye must not grieve me so.
Mortals love thee better in thy autumn glow.
Ye do not die. Ye only fade away,
To render back to life the keeps me from decay."

I have no strength with which to answer thee,
Surely, quickly, goes my life from me.
In my rich dress of green, red-brown and gold
I flutter away, and my sad story's told.

Down, down to this cold damp earth I go.
I forgive thee, dear mother, for treating me so.
Freely, gladly, now would I to end the strife
Give back to thee, my beauty, strength and life.

Uxbridge, '91. CARRIE ADLER PETERS.

O Summer Day!

For Saturday Night.

O summer day! O summer night!
Return with all thy gone delight;
And thou, dear one, in memory's rays,
Art shining brightest there to-night.
Each morning wind that sweeps the plain,
Like spirits sighing breathes thy name;
Each long-loved moment with these part
Returns, with a sad wistful gleam.
Over my weary heart—ah me!
That only thought is left of thee!

Yet in thy name there lives a spell
Which thrills me still—no tongue can tell
What thou hast been, what still thou art,
Soul of my soul, heart of my heart.
How canst thou know that sad to-night
The thought steals o'er me as I write?
The past in living light returns.
A sadness in my bosom burns,
A wild, wild longing to live it o'er
The happy days that came no more.

Toronto, Ont. M. D.

Early November.

For Saturday Night.

What a day!
The willows' bare and yellow branches gleam,
Where with its cowering of thin ice the stream
Doth flow away.
The green of pines, the purple of bare boughs
Are on the shadowy hills; and grass the cows
On meadows gray.
Shining o'er all the sunlight soft and fair
Is glinting in my maiden's beech-brown hair.
A glorious day!

What a night!
Bare trees, dead clinging leaves and meadows gray
Are bathed in glory of the moon's array;
Each star's slight
The sky's deep blue with cloud-shreds here and there
Is dotted; rare and cold doth come the air
And makes cheeks bright.
Silent the poplars stand across the way
And stretch black, clear-cut shadows on the gray.
A glorious night!

H. W. CHARLESWORTH.

Love.

Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories, bloom and song were rife;
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,
And murmured: "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered: "I am rest."

WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

Music.

Oh, take the lute this brooding hour for me—
The golden lute, the hollow crying lute—
Nor call me even with thine eyes; be mute,
And touch the strings; yes, touch them tenderly;
Touch them and dream, till all thine heart in thee
Grows great and passionate and sad and wild.
Then on me, too, as on thy heart, O child,
The marvelous light, the stream divine shall be,
And I shall see, as with enchanted eyes,
The unveiled vision of this world flame by,
Battles and griefs, and storms and phantasies,
The gleaming fire, the ever seething fire,
The hero's triumph and the martyr's cry,
The pain, the madness, the unsearched desire.

A. LAMPHAM.

The Coming Drama.

The coming drama—what will it be?
A tale of love with a bit of the sea,
Thrown in for a background, as it were,
A sort of nautical *non de mer*?
With a proud ship sailing on canvas waves—
The usual storm which the lover braves
To rescue his love from a villain's wiles,
To bask forever in fortune's smiles?
And yet this smacks of the dreary past—
This kind of drama will not last.

The coming drama—it may be
A jumble of nothing—absurdity;
A skirt dance here and a ballet there,
Real running water and a county fair;
With nothing of plot to relieve the strain,
A song and dance, then the ballet again;
Acting of nonsense from beginning to end—
(The stage is in need of an earnest friend).
The coming drama will be to the drama
A panorama of fights and legs! G. W. HARRIS.

Chancing It.

"What shall I write to-night, prose or poetry?" asked Lozair as he flipped up his last penny. "Take it," he added, as he clapped the cent on his thigh.

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Between You and Me.



LETTER came to this column a day or two since, full of walls and helplessness. The writer was a dejected, pessimistic, sorrowful specimen of humanity, who had tried to be what nature never fitted her for, and had failed; and she wrote for sympathy, and advice, and encouragement, and lots of other things which Lady Gay keeps in stock. And after reading her letter I turned over the envelope and caught sight of a crest and a motto, and the motto was "Nil desperandum," which is being interpreted, never despair. And the contrast between the woman's letter and her gallant motto made me laugh first, and then, as is often the way, set me thinking. I wonder which of us carry out those mottoes we have inherited, or gained by matrimony? Look at the -blase man we all know, who believes in nothing, who has sounded all the depths and shoals of honor and dishonor, who has pages in his life he or we dare not lightly read, but who has carried, all these years, on his stationery, on his signet ring, on his family plate the motto: "Fide et amore"—by faith and love, while those two bulwarks have been wrecked by him ages ago.

Or there is the mean man, who stoops to petty trickery, or small scandals and whose vote is for sale to whichever side can pay the highest for it; the man whom other men fear and watch, the man whom women dare not trust, the man whom children shrink from, when he tries to be facetious and friendly with them. What if that short scroll on his plain gold seal, "Noblesse oblige!" as sure as can be! And there is the corporation built of grabbers and heelers and schemers, and on their official stamp is the sublime avowal, "In God we trust!" Some days when I have my warpaint and feathers on, I feel as if I should like to engrave these mottoes over again, and wrest from their renegade owners the grand reproachful words that lie in their sight as pearls before swine. I would give to the rowe that humble confession "Pecavi," to the little human worm, "Parvum parva decent," which means, roughly, "small things to mean men." And to the many who shelter themselves behind each other and steal and lie and oppress, that old terrible "handwriting on the wall," which doomed such as they long since.

A good motto, like an honorable ancestry, helps one along if one only tries to live up to it, and each individual should have one. Never mind if you haven't got the insane little picture that sometimes goes with it as a patent of respectability. Better a good head on your own shoulders than a crazy little empty helmet on your crest; better a generous, nervy, capable, ready right hand of good firm flesh and bone pulsing red blood and trusty shew than ever such a cute little gauntlet with ever such a natty little sword in it, on your best silver or your envelope flap; better the man of to-day than the myth of bygone ages, but, of course, better both if you can have them. I never feel like jeering at those good souls who, when they find themselves rich, either gradually or suddenly, make it their care to design a lofty crest and motto, and take innocent pride in the display of its newness and strangeness. All success go with them, and their reaching after the higher and better thoughts that ought to wait upon every sight of the noble words or lofty sentiments which nearly all such decorations express.

From crests to corsets is a big jump, but the latter subject just popped into my mind in a second, as I finished that last paragraph, and I remembered something I promised a lady correspondent to do a long time ago, and which I did yesterday. This lady writes me to find out, if possible, by actual experience, whether it is among the attainables to wear a Delsarte waist with an evening dress and not look baggy and bulky and unbraced (the adjectives are my correspondent's). At the Grenadiers' ball last night, dear lady, there were several pretty figures, as trim and taut as could be, who confided to me that they were comfortably attired in the new garment. No one knew it but themselves, and I attributed an added ease and lissomness and grace that I fancied I noticed in their dancing to the gentle influence of the latest fad. I am going to ask L. Mode to investigate these affairs for next week, and if my correspondent will look up the fashion column she will find all her questions fully answered.

Last Thanksgiving morning I came down with nine small boys in a belt-line car. They were charged to the handle with the electricity of small-boyism, and carried each a large wallet and a small one. It seemed a good deal of lunch even for the interior vacuum of a small boy, and I asked one of them if they were going to eat all those wallets full themselves. A spatter of laughter bubbled from several open little mouths, and of the more mistrustful the small boys enlightened me. The small wallets contained lunch, the larger ones cut paper, and they were the accompaniments to a paper hunt which was to come off away out east somewhere. Just as we turned King street corner the Queen's Own marched past the car and the small boys' comments were edifying. "Tell you they are soldiers!" said a wee little fellow with big eyes and a bulging forehead. "They're not very tall!" slightly remarked another. "Well, that's nothing, little men fight best," said a big boy knowingly. "My father says so, and he knows." "There's a big one, anyway," cried the bulging brow, as one long, lanky soldier strode by, among a number of shorter ones. And the nine commenced to guy him, with an ingenuity and wit I had not accused them of. In the midst of the fun a Lee avenue car came past, and the paper chasers tumbled out shouting a "transfer." The air seemed quite dead and dull after they left us, with their bounding vitality and their impetuous ways, and their raised voices and sparkling eyes. And I knew they would scramble and shout and quarrel and argue and eat the long muggy day, and come home

at dusk apparently as full of energy and devilment as they set out—for that is boy nature!

I heard such a killing quarrel between two small girls who took part in Bon Hur that I cannot forget it. The subject was a bouquet which both claimed and one appropriated. "I would just like to pull one hair in your head and pull it all day long before it came out," said the bereaved mite, in a most emphatic tone. And after the first amazement at her refinement of cruelty overcame me, and I had duly whispered the orthodox remonstrance and seen peace temporarily restored, I knew that her feeling and her wish were intensely feminine. For of all the dangerous, wicked, unmerciful things which grow on the earth the jealous and slighted woman is the most cruel. "One hair pulled all day before it came out," showed a knowledge of torture and a will to inflict it that one meets in society every day. Women who should be above such petty meanness pull the one hair of their enemy and pull it all day. And though the tortured one bears up and gives no sign at the time, from the rent root of that one hair often springs a retribution wild and merciless. I have seen and heard it and not so long ago either.

They have been making a to-do at Portsmouth something similar to our rifle range grievance in consequence of the shooting of a fisherman by a ball from a gunboat, whose crew were testing or practicing with a new gun. The editor of London Truth hits out from the shoulder, as he always does, at the verdict of the coroner's jury, and rails against the lack of caution exercised by the gunboat authorities. I always read "Labby's" most fiery periods with a certain mistrust, having noted that he usually takes back about one-third of his ravings in the next issue of Truth.

A correspondent writes asking me for some suggestions as to Christmas presents, made by herself, of course. Perhaps some of the ladies who are so nice in their expressions on paper to Lady Gay, will send some ideas, and also a scheme for the entertainment of forty young people, of both sexes, at a birthday party next month. The best idea for this latter affair will be forwarded to the enquirer or printed in this paper, and will receive a hearty welcome from LADY GAY.

Noted People.

Mr. Ruskin, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is better in health than he has been for some time. He is staying at Brantwood, that pleasant house by the side of Conistone Water, which has been his favorite home for many years now.

Dr. Hamilton Griffin, Mary Anderson's stepfather, has, while in New York recently, said that Mrs. Navarro was living quietly at Tunbridge Wells and was "perfectly happy." The *Baltimore American* very justly remarks that if Mary Anderson's private happiness is talked of much more, somebody will be getting it dramatized.

Mrs. Harrison and the Princess Louise are the only two women who have been permitted to set foot within the cloisters of the monastery of Santa Barbara, in California. And even after their visit the ground trodden by them was at once reconsecrated with solemn ceremonies and much fasting and prayer. The monastery is the oldest but one of the twenty-four missions established in California by the Franciscans at the close of the last century, and is the only one now occupied by the friars of the order.

There will shortly be published an *edition de luxe* of the Latin commentary on Dante's *Divina Commedia*, together with the Latin version of the poem made in the fifteenth century by Friar Giovanni de Serravalle, and a fifteenth century Italian version of the commentary, by Beato Bartolommeo da Colle. The edition, which will be limited to two thousand copies, is under the supervision of Fathers Marcellus and Domenichelli, and Pope Leo has set apart twenty thousand francs to cover the cost of publication. A copy will be presented to each of the principal libraries of the world. The Papal munificence reads curiously in the light of the fact that Dante places popes in hell, and was ever an upholder of the Imperial against the pontifical claim. But, nevertheless, Dante's devotion to the church of his age is indisputable, as Pope Leo recognizes.

At Lecco, on the Lake of Como, has just been inaugurated a monument to Alessandro Manzoni, in memory of the fact that the scene of his famous novel "I Promessi Sposi" was laid in that spot. The unveiling of the statue drew a great crowd to the little town, and an admirable discourse was held, treating of the writer and his works, by the ex-Syndic of Milan, Gaetano Negri, whose name has lately become familiar to Englishmen, thanks to his admirable *Life of George Eliot*, recently published in Italy. Manzoni is represented in the monument as seated. On three sides of the pedestal—which is made of red Baveno granite—there are seen in bas-relief the three principal events of his *Promessi Sposi*: the abduction of Lucia; Padre Cristoforo, who conducts Renzo to see Don Rodrigo dying in the lazaretto; and Renzo and Lucia as they issue from the church where they have just been married, followed by Agnese and Don Abbondio. On the fourth side of the pedestal are seen the arms of Lecco and of Italy, and underneath is a touching inscription.

The widow of the late Crown Prince of Austria, Princess Stephanie, has returned to Vienna, where she is now engaged in supervising the ninth issue of the great work entitled, *Austria in Word and Picture*, which was commenced under the auspices of the late archduke. Her popularity, however, does not appear in any way to increase, and it is noticeable that as soon as ever she returns to Vienna her mother-in-law, the empress, makes a point of leaving the capital. Indeed, the two women have met but very little since the tragedy at Mayerling. Her majesty is of the opinion that much of the domestic unhappiness of her son was due to the crown princess's execrable temper, to her tendency to sulk on every possible occasion, and to her entire absence of tact. The crown prince had no wish to wed, and was bound up in affections that were by no means of a conjugal character, while it is notorious that the crown princess was enamored of a young American resident at Brussels. Husband and wife soon became absolutely intolerable to one another.

The Country Club.



HE winds have a nipping edge, the waters of the bay are churned up and frilled with foam, the skies are deep blue, and the trees flaring with reds and yellows, and now the world puts on its new felt hat, its new overcoat or fur-trimmed jacket, its white veil, and its dogskin gloves, and makes for the open country.

These are the days that we spend out of doors—the finest in the year. There is frost in the breeze, but it just puts a tint of pink in pale cheeks and a flash in faded eyes. There is electricity in the air. It makes the most languid step grow brisk and charges the most blase manner with a current of vivacity. No one can sit at home while the partridge calls from the wood, the crack of the sport-man's gun breaks the stillness of country coverts, the thud of the hunter's hoofs resound down leaf-strewn roads, and the rattle of milady's harness chains is heard in sheltered by-ways, silent all summer as the Sleeping Palace.

Everybody is in the country. When they can not ride, they drive; when they can not drive, they walk. New York women are getting to have large feet and a manly stride from the way they go in for athletic exercises. They are fine whips; they are fine horsewomen. They go to the "meets" with the men; they ride across country. They get "the brush;" they talk wisely about the matters of the hunting-field. Not to know these things is not to be one of that large community which rules the suburbs and has a strong influence on all metropolitan society.

A short time since, at a jumping contest of one of the suburban country clubs, a fine example was given of the gamey tendencies that of late have distinguished the eternal feminine. All the world had turned out to see the sport. The slope of the hill about the course—a browned, autumnal slope, backed by masses of crimsoning foliage, with here and there a glimpse of some stately country home—was crowded with open carriages. There was every sort of carriage—the big family phaeton, with papa and mamma in the front and a bursting out of innumerable children in the back. The popular buckboard in yellow and natural wood, with a corduroy cushion and a neat nag, very brief as to tail and erect as to head. This was generally occupied by two young men in tan coats, coffee-colored derbys and orange gloves, who beat loudly on their favorite horses and would not have had a glance for Venus had she "happened by."

Then came the trim, taut, swaggy dog-cart, with a high driver's seat and dark-green cushions. Its owner drives in a confident manner. He is a tall, good looking, well dressed man, of some means and standing—"a catch," that is what they call him. On his left sits a dainty lady to whom he makes his *devoir*. In nine cases out of ten she will wear a loose coat of fawn-colored cloth, with big buttons, a treader's turban, worn to one side, with a great bunch of black pompons sticking out over the brim, and a thick veil of white lace, with the two ends hanging down in a little flounce in the back. Behind sits the groom, with a clean-shaven face and his arms folded.

Beyond this there will be a good sprinkling of village carts occupied by girls, a great many victorias, and a quantity of T-carts. These, perhaps, are the most really stylish of equipages. The two horses, with their absurdly short tails, are driven by the owner, who, in loose driving coat and dogskin gloves, is a personable man of somewhere between thirty and forty. There is always a lady to his left and a groom behind. The former, being the wife or fiancée of a man of standing, allows herself some gaiety of dress upon this sporting occasion, and, slenderly graceful, looks as freshly fine as a June rose, under the shadow of a broad hat full of violets, with a huge box of cocks' feathers standing up above her ears, and some sort of brilliant, Parisian creation doing justice to her wonderfully laced-in figure.

Then come the equestrians. They have the best of it, for they can urge their bob-tailed steeds into the small passages left between the carriages and press up to the rope that marks the course; then for a space to gaze upon the entertaining spectacle of a balking and terrified horse stubbornly refusing a four-foot jump, and, at intervals, standing erect on his hind-legs, with his rider clinging despairingly about his neck. The equestrians are mostly men, done up in true sporting style in light colored kerseymer trousers, which, above the knee, look more like divided shirts than anything else, and below the knee contract to a sudden and terrible tightness, calculated to stop the circulation in any member unaccustomed to their iron pressure.

The women riders look very natty. It is said that a woman never looks so well anywhere as on horseback. And so she does, if she has the style of figure that elicits the comment, "she sits high," which, being translated, means she is long-waisted, broad in the hips, short-legged, and straight backed. Very tall, slender, lithe women look horrible on horseback. This is the one place their broad and chunky sisters have the advantage of them. A riding-habit is, also, a trying costume. It requires an extremely marked figure to stand the rigid lines of the riding dress—especially as they now make it.

One girl in particular you could not help noticing. She was a small and delicate creature—a real New Yorker, thin, spare, infantile-looking, with her little child's figure and her little girl's face, in age somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, in appearance, perhaps fifteen. She rode a splendid horse and wore the riding-dress which is just now the tip of the fashion—a black serge skirt and jacket, the latter opening over a bright scarlet waistcoat, fastened with smooth brass buttons. There was a standing collar and a man's white neck-

Fin de Siecle Repartee.



Miss N.—Do you think Miss Esther beautiful?
Derbycoat—Well, you know, her face isn't exactly pretty, but its very catching.
Miss N.—Like fly paper!!!

tie, a billy cock hat, and her hair done up in a tiny, tight knot. When seated in the saddle she looked almost as if she had trowsers on, so wonderfully did her black skirt cling to her. Over her hips and over the knee that goes over the upper pomel, it set as smooth as if it had been pasted on.

Two or three other women caught your eye in the crowd, their high beaver hats bowed down as they spoke to some man who stood at their horse's head. Most of them rode well, and their horses, without an exception, were so docked as to tail that only a few inches of stump was left, and even from this meagre remnant of their once lengthy caudal appendage the hair was snipped to the merest fringe. It seems a cruel mutilation. Some of the horses on the field, entered to compete for the prizes, looked absolutely hideous with a tiny and rigid inch or two of tail whisking about as the files teased the poor beasts. Still we must follow fashion, even though it ordain the chopping off of a few inches of an equine's vertebra.

But to arrive at the point of my letter—the wisdom of the modern "debbie" on all matters relative to riding. Two or three of these pretty creatures were sitting aloft in a yellow village cart, surveying the course and the leaping hunters as they cleared the hurdles, not infrequently removing the topmost bar with their hind hoofs. The girls were as pretty, as fresh, and fine, and fair as ever girls could be. They were not a whit less daintily dainty than the girls that our grandmothers once were, in their short waists, and side curls, and dimity gowns, and monstrous muffs. The modern maidens were wrapped up well against the tooth of the autumn wind, in high-collared covert coats. They wore the fashionable white veils, with their lace sprigs and dangling ends, the wide hats trimmed with a mixture of sable and mink-tails and artificial flowers, the big feather boots that stand up nearly to the back of the wearer's head. The driver alone was severe in her attire. She was buttoned up to the chin in a dark serge coat; a round turban, with something like an undersized black rocket stuck in one side, crowned her tight braids, and her hands were incased in a pair of big, dark-red, dogskin driving-gloves, with castor-beaver let into the palms.

There were quite a lot of young men circulating about this attractive cart, but the occupants paid but little attention to these satellites. They watched the course with intent eyes beneath frowning brows. When one of the hunters, after clearing every fence on the course, stopped dead at the last and sent his rider flying like a bird over his head, these stony-hearted fair ones groaned together—a groan of bitter derision. There was no sympathy expressed on their faces for the fallen rider. Men rushed out from various corners, picked him up, dusted him off, set him on his legs again, and he retired rubbing his bruises. But the watchers in the village cart looked solemnly disgusted. The thought that the unfortunate competitor for glory might be hurt seemed not to disturb their minds. They said gloomily:

"How awfully Freddy does ride," and looked at each other dubiously, shaking their heads over the delinquencies of the fallen Frederick. Presently, when a second competitor went crashing over a fence, and horse and man came rolling to the ground in a dusty tangle, these heartless creatures cried in an indignant chorus:

"Well, did you ever see such abominable awkwardness!" and sank back with dejected sighs. Their cavaliers sped away to assist in extricating the unfortunate from his steed and his saddle. When he was pulled out and discovered to be whole and unbroken, the messengers returned and reported that all was well. The young ladies, with gloomy brows, refused to show any interest in the intelligence. That he might be hurt was a secondary consideration of very small importance. That he had ridden badly was the sore point. They consulted together with an air of somber importance, and the by-standers wondered whether, in the future, they were debating if they had not better cut him.

Varsity Chat.

HE inaugural address of Prof. Hume on Saturday afternoon last was an able presentation of the lines he proposes to follow in his lectures on ethics and the history of philosophy. It would be folly on my part to attempt to state his views, but as his reference to the late Prof.

Young will interest hundreds of graduates who read this chat, I give a portion of it as follows: "What was the secret of his wonderful power and influence as a teacher? Many

would answer 'his remarkable personality,' and this would be a fitting reply if we remember that the personality is not one element in the character. The personality is the man himself, the whole character. Prof. Young had a mighty influence because he was a great man. Throughout his whole life he concentrated all his energies upon one aim, the development of the highest personality, the truest, purest character in himself and in others. Few have had so clear a conception of the ethical ideal, few have striven so earnestly to attain it, few have been so successful in realizing the moral ideal, few, indeed, have succeeded to such an extent in influencing the lives of others for good. Though Prof. Young left so little in the way of publication, his work and influence can never be lost. Each pupil who sat under him, and came in contact with him, will carry throughout his life deep influence for good, won from the inspiration of his beloved teacher. In my own case it would be impossible for me to estimate how much I owe, not only in the way of direct guidance and teaching in the lecture-room, but also in the way of counsel and encouragement beyond it. Love is cheap that can be told. In endeavoring to fulfill the responsible duties that devolve upon me as a teacher in the University, I shall aim to emulate the example of a noble predecessor."

Mr. H. H. Langton, B.A., for the past number of years registrar, has been appointed librarian to the University. He brings to his new position a knowledge of several languages and a business training acquired in his former office, and in a down-town law office.

The following are the officers of the Philological Societies of respectively '93 and '94: Prof. J. M. Baldwin, hon. president; Prof. J. G. Hume, president; Mr. F. Tracy, B.A., first vice president; Miss M. Garratt, second vice-president; Mr. Lane, secretary; Miss Young and Messrs. McClellan and Williamson, councillors; and Prof. Baldwin, president; Mr. Muldrew, first vice-president; Miss De Beauregard, second vice-president; Mr. Dickie, secretary; Miss Ballora and Messrs. Arnold and Wright, councillors.

Mr. John Walker Macmillan, B.A., is preaching in the North-West.

"What is a fellow?" This is the question that our philologists, scientists, economists and philosophers are trying to answer. The economists seem to have had the matter almost all in their own way of thinking, but a change is being agitated on their *tabula rasa*.

After speeches by Mr. J. A. Burgess, B.A., Mr. W. Ross, B.A., Mr. W. Gauld, B.A., Mr. W. G. W. Fortune, B.A., Mr. W. H. Grant, B.A., Mr. D. Carwell, B.A., Mr. Alex. McNabb, B.A., and Mr. N. MacKinnon, music by Mr. A. E. Hannabson and Mr. E. W. MacKay, and a reading by Mr. A. Jamieson, it has been decided in the Knox College Literary and Metaphysical Society that co-education in theology is detrimental to the best interests of the church.

The meeting of the Literary Society on Friday of last week was conducted in parliamentary form, and President H. E. Irwin, B.A., acted as speaker. Mr. J. H. Lamont was the premier and president of the council, and the following were his ministers: Mr. O. E. Culbert, Marine and Fisheries; Mr. G. E. McCroney, Justice; Mr. R. S. Straith, Public Works; Mr. F. E. Perrin, Finance; Mr. W. P. Reeve, Agriculture; Mr. F. B. Hellems, Railways and Canals; Mr. R. H. Knox, Trade and Commerce; Mr. W. A. Parks, Militia and Defence; Mr. C. H. Mitchell, Interior; Mr. R. Robertson, Secretary of State; Mr. S. J. McLean, Postmaster-General; Mr. W. P. Bull, Solicitor-General. The address in reply to the speech from the Throne was moved by Mr. J. H. Fraser and seconded by Mr. John Ross. Mr. J. A. Cooper acted as leader of the opposition.

What we may expect to occur: Brown of '88, (meeting Jones of '92)—Who was your chief chum during your four years at college?

Jones—Smith.
Brown—Did you work hard?
Jones—Well I argued that classics were better than moderns, and he argued that moderns were better than classics.

The last meeting of the Wycliffe College Mission Society was addressed by Rev. Archdeacon Reeve of the diocese of Mackenzie River, and Messrs. N. C. Perry, B.A., I. O. Stringer, B.A., and G. A. Rix.

The cross country run was won in forty three minutes by Mr. G. W. Orton. He was followed by the other runners in the following order: Mr. H. G. Kingston, Mr. Joseph Clark, Mr. B. A. Sinclair, Mr. D. G. Revel, Mr. A. L. McAllister.

Blake's Widow.

Graham looked at her in unfeigned surprise and admiration. She saw this and smiled—a flashing, swift, vanishing parting of the lips that made the after gravity greater by contrast. She controlled her excitement, but the grin would flutter slightly when at first she spoke.

"I have waited for you, Doctor. I have done my best. I think that we have sufficient proof now. I did not speak yesterday, and you will understand why when I have finished what I have to tell you."

He bade her with quiet authority to be seated. He saw that she was under extreme excitement, and she mechanically obeyed him.

"I felt that we could trust to your perception and discretion, Mrs. Carmichael," he said, in grave approval.

Their voices were low; no one outside of the room could overhear; but they betrayed no more than the usual formality of question and answer between physician and nurse.

"You are very kind," said Mrs. Carmichael, and her pretty voice was now softly and evenly modulated. Dr. Graham did not wonder that her patients trusted her so implicitly or were easily managed when under her care.

"But now," added Dr. Graham, in his quiet, professional voice, "if I may hear what you have to say, Mrs. Carmichael."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Carmichael, in a professional-like voice as his own. "Have you read Mr. Patti's new novel, Dr. Graham?"

The physician frowned.

"Pardon me," he said, coldly. "I fail to comprehend why you should refer to a novel in explaining what has occurred here, Mrs. Carmichael."

"I have read it," she said, softly, and unconsciously he listened attentively for every word uttered in this charming voice; "but the novel is so connected with what has occurred here that I cannot fail to refer to it, doctor."

"In what way?" he queried, still sternly.

Her hands moved in the pretty, suggestive gesture familiar to him; her voice was slow and very distinct.

"In the way that it was written for this end, Dr. Graham."

He started, with a swift, keen glance down into her bright eyes. Then he frowned severely. There was no merriment in this serious case. Face and no fancy must fashion the proofs for which they were working!

"Still," he said sternly, "I do not understand you, Mrs. Carmichael. Perhaps novels are somewhat out of my line of life, but common sense assures me that only in imagination could such an incident exist."

She smiled.

He smiled more feebly in exasperation.

"I overheard one of your friends' guests speaking of this novel, Dr. Graham," the nurse said steadily in explanation. "I have been waiting for a new novel from this author! The outline, as given by Mr. Mayhew, coincided with my expectations. I sent for the novel and read it. I read it two nights ago while sitting with your patient. It explained many things, but at the same time I was afraid because there was so little pity in it! Wait one moment."

He was rising impatiently but paused at her gesture.

"That night, Dr. Graham, I had a visitor—a midnight visitor. More properly speaking, I should have said a visitor to your patient. This was a woman, a woman of the name of Graham. She stood upon the balcony under the stars at the window. I made my presence known and she went away."

"Are you sure?" exclaimed the doctor, for the first time betraying excitement. "And what then? Who was she, Mrs. Carmichael?"

"You will not wonder," said Mrs. Carmichael, quietly, "when I have finished, Dr. Graham. You will know—as I know! Whoever she was, she came and went in a carriage. I knew her by the power of her eyes. She has marvelous mental power, as I have reason to know."

"Last night another visitor came. Not this woman, not any woman. A man of this household. I was here—watching for I expected some one after the woman's presence. He came and I watched him unobserved. The light from the lamp strikes clearly across from the bed to the unlocked door. He came in this way. He came for a purpose. Look here!"

She arose and he arose with her, for the moment controlled by her excitement. She crossed to the table at the other end of the room and uncovered the silver water-pitcher which she had removed from the patient's room.

Graham glanced at the contents and then at her. He was half annoyed and half startled by her manner and words, for he could not believe that she told him this to show him nothing but the drinking water which had been in Price's room all night. Her meaning did not at once enter his mind.

"You do not comprehend, doctor," she said, her voice falling almost to a whisper, for an instant laying one hand upon his arm, her eyes upon his as though she would impress him with her truth. "You, being a physician, will be able to say whether or not this is harmless, but the man who entered last night poured into this water the entire contents of a vial which he carried. It left no color, no odor, but it is harmless."

He comprehended now. He called himself inwardly an insufferable fool not to have guessed at once. Had they not been waiting and watching for just this thing?

With a swift gesture of impatience, his eyes met those of the quiet nurse.

"Bring me a small bottle," he said, in swift command. "I shall take a part of this with me, Mrs. Carmichael, and discover beyond doubt whether or not it is harmless. But I think," he added to himself, his eyes bent intently upon the faithful pitcher as he waited for the return of the nurse—"I think that we shall prove it not harmless, but the devil's own drug of death!"

(To be Continued.)

A Patient Mother.

Did you ever see a small boy—or girl, either, for that matter—who didn't ask questions? Of course you didn't unless you were born blind.

It was a boy in this instance and he was with his mother in the waiting-room of the Brush street station half an hour before train time. He had exhausted all the subjects suggested by his surroundings and come down to himself.

"Mamma," he said, "why wasn't I a little girl?"

"Really, Freddie, I can't tell you," she answered good-naturedly.

"If I'd been a little girl I wouldn't have been a little boy, would I?"

"No, Freddie."

"I couldn't be both unless I was twins, could I?"

"Scarcely."

"If I'd been a little girl, mamma, I wouldn't have been a man when I grew up, would I?"

"No; you would have been a woman."

"Is a woman a grown up little girl?"

"Yes."

"Do all little girls grow up to be women?"

"Unless they die."

"Do little boys die, too?"

"Some of them."

"Do they then don't grow up to be men?"

"Yes, Freddie."

"Will I be a man some day, mamma?"

"Yes, Freddie, I hope so."

"If I grew up to be a woman I wouldn't have whiskers and wear pants, would I?"

"No."

"Why, mamma?"

"Because women wouldn't do those things, Freddie."

"Why don't they?"

"Because they can't."

"Why not, mamma?"

"O, just because."

"What's because, mamma?"

"What the patient mother would have answered will never be known, for the train was announced and she hurried out with the kid."

Antonio Guido had shot Jim Blake dead in his own doorway, and the trial was to come off directly.

The extraordinary interest in the affair was less due to the murder and its peculiar circumstances than to the fact that this was the first case tried at San Sabá in any more formal court than the time-honored institution of Judge Lynch.

As there was no place specially arranged for the trial, Judge Pitblado hospitably offered the use of his shed. Here a rough table and chair were placed for the Judge, the other necessary furniture, intended to represent the dock, the stand, etc., being eked out with boxes from Silas Baggett's store.

Jake Smith looked at these preparations for a time with frowning discontent, and then strode down the road, turning into the lane that led to Blake's. When he reached the door of the shanty he leaned against the jamb and poked his naked head inside, fanning himself in an embarrassed way with his greasy, fragrant hat. He had come there with the intention of saying something, but the sight within made him forget it.

Blake's widow sat there, as she had set pretty much all the time since the murder, staring straight before her, with her chin in her palm. The sunlight struck through the foliage of the red oak trees that grew before the door, and checked with flickering brightness the floor and cradle in which Jim's baby was sleeping.

There it was, just as it had been three days ago (could it be only three days?)—just as it had been when she went out that morning to look after the drying clothes and left him standing in the door by the cradle (how fond he was of the baby!)—just as it was when she heard the crack of the pistol and ran in with an awful sense of sufficing fright—just as it was when she found him lying upon the cradle, dabbled in white linen with his blood and the baby playing with his hair. She screamed once, the first and last complaint any one had heard her make; then she was quiet and helpful through it all, when men came and lifted him up; when they laid him on the rough bed in the other room; when they carried him to the grave, she following with the baby in her arms.

Jake Smith was trying to find the link missing in his thoughts; he sniffed with perplexity—or something—and Blake's widow looked up without speaking. Jake nodded pleasantly four or five times.

"Pooley chipper?" asked he.

Blake's widow smiled sadly, bent over the sleeping child and smoothed the clothes with a tender touch.

"They're agoin' to try him in a court," Jake went on, "an' I don't believe—"

"Try who—Antonio?" She turned toward the burly figure in the door with a flash of interest in her black eyes.

"Yes. The Judge is making a court out of his shed. I hope it'll turn out all right, but it seems like givin' that Mexican devil a chance he oughtn't to have."

"He can't get clear, can he?" she asked, rocking the cradle gently and patting the corner.

"I don't see how, but he's got some kind of a law case to speak for him—a fellow that stopped here a day or two ago on his way to Galveston—and it makes me kind of nervous."

Blake's widow did not appear to notice the last remark, for the child, disturbed by the talking, had awakened and sat up in his cradle with a wondering look.

"Pooley ain't he?" said Jake, regarding the small figure with interest. "Looks just like—ahem!—you. Poor little—I—ah—beastly enemy. Of course he'd have you've got—there's nothing I could do but—"

She answered with a grateful look, but it was accompanied by a shake of the head.

Jake bent down and with his big forefinger softly ruffled the hair of the baby's head; then he went out and left them, Blake's widow sitting as he found her, and the baby staring down the path after him.

He walked on un till he reached the top of the little hill, where he could look down upon the roof which covered the piteous scene he had just left. Here he seemed to have had a mind to turn back, for he hesitated and stopped; but he changed his partial intention after lingering a moment, and walked meditatively onward, with the exclamation: "Wal, some women do beat the d— I amazin'."

Of course everybody came to the trial. The arrangements were soon found to be altogether too meager. Pitblado's shed was filled to overflowing, and Baggett made a clean sweep of every empty box in his store.

Antonio's lawyer, a sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued fellow from Galveston, had bustling about with surprising agility on the day previous, holding mysterious conferences with ill-conditioned fellows of Guido's kidney.

The court was assembled, the jury had been chosen, and the witnesses were all present save one—Blake's widow.

Pretty soon there was a stir at the door, then a murmur of surprise ran through the crowded room.

"May I be d—d," said Jake Smith, audibly, "if she hasn't brought her baby!"

What reason she may have had for not having brought the little thing in charge of some sympathizing woman—and there were plenty who would have been glad of the trust—was not apparent; however that might be, there it was, clasped firmly in her arms, its bright red cheeks contrasting with her whiteness, and its father's sunny hair mingling with her dark.

With some difficulty way was made through the throng for her to reach her seat, which had been placed on one side of the Judge, directly opposite the candle-box on the other where Antonio sat. She took her place and never moved during the whole of the trial, excepting as she was required to testify, and once when the baby tugged at some glistening thing that lay hidden in the folds of her dress, at which she took pains to distract its attention with a chip from the floor. As for the baby, it sat there with its big blue eyes open to their fullest extent, entirely absorbed in the novel scene, save at the moment when that irresistible glitter caught its eye.

Every one being now present, the trial went on in good earnest. A number of witnesses were examined, whose testimony showed that Guido had had trouble with Blake, and more than once threatened his life; that Guido's pistol was one charge empty on the evening of the day of the murder, whereas in the morning it had been full; that he was seen that morning around Blake's house, and more than that Blake's widow had heard Guido's voice just before the fatal shot, and had seen his retreating form as he ran out.

At this last point the Galveston lawyer asked the witness a few questions regarding how she knew it was Guido's, and how she had recognized the voice for his. She didn't know how exactly, but was sure she was sure for that.

There had been a rumor at that time some one had heard Antonio make a boast of having "done for Blake this time," but if there were a witness for this he could not be found now.

And so the prosecution closed.

The Galveston lawyer began by involving in a whirlpool of hopeless contradiction the witness who had sworn to having seen Guido near Blake's house. Then he expatiated on the ease with which one person may be mistaken for another, and brought a witness to show how Guido had already been said to resemble some one in the village. Finally he produced three of the ill-conditioned fellows before referred to, who swore that Antonio was with them on a hunting expedition during the whole of the day on which the murder was committed.

It was a clear case of alibi. Jake Smith's astonishment at the ease with which the thing had been accomplished was unbounded. He threw a disgusted look towards Pitblado, but

the judge was nonplussed and didn't seem to be interested with things in Jake's vicinity.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "things have taken a turn I didn't altogether expect. I don't know as there's much to be said. I suppose you've got to go by the evidence, an' that don't need any explainin'. If you kin make out, accordin' to that, that Antonio Guido killed Jim Blake, why, jest recollect that's what yer here for."

Jake Smith idled about on his box and cast anxious glances through the open door toward the clump of poplars where the jury were deliberating.

Antonio talked and laughed in an undertone with his counsel, and Blake's widow sat staring at them with compressed lips and a strong expression of determination coming into her face.

It wasn't long before the jury filed in again, all seating themselves but the spokesman, and Judge Pitblado rose, wiping his forehead with his shirt-sleeves.

"Straightened it out, have yer?" asked he, nodding to the spokesman.

The man nodded slowly in return.

"Yer see," said the spokesman, with a hesitating and disappointed air, "if yer hadn't accorred us with stickin' ter that murder was done, an' if he warn't that he couldn't do a done it; an' if he didn't do it, why—then of course he's not guilty."

Pitblado didn't dare to look at anybody; he stared up at the rafters, down at the table, nowhere in particular, and then turned half-way toward the prisoner.

"You kin go," said he at last, and with great deliberation, "but don't stay around here too long."

There was a dead pause during which nobody moved.

Jake Smith exploded a single cuss word, which he had held in for some time past, and Blake's widow stood up.

"Wal—I—s—pose so."

"And there is nothing else to be done?"

"I'm afraid there ain't."

"And he's free to go?"

"Y—"

Antonio Guido rose with an insolent grin and picked up his hat.

The baby crowed, for it saw the glittering thing again.

There was a sharp report—Antonio pitched forward in a heap upon the floor and Blake's widow stood with the pistol pressed to her breast.

A line of thin blue smoke curled from the muzzle of the weapon and formed a halo around the child's flaxen head. The glittering thing was quite near the little hands now, and they took it from the yielding grasp of the mother.

Blake's widow looked steadily at the figure on the floor—it was quite motionless; then she turned and went through the wide passage opened for her by the silent crowd, holding the baby very tenderly and the baby carrying the pistol.

The child laughed with delight; it had got its shining plaything again.

"I have traveled over the entire United States in my official capacity as commissioner of the Societe Medicale de Paris, in search of the best locality for a sanitarium for consumptives, and after long deliberation reported upon this country (New Mexico) in the vicinity of Las Cruces." A. PETIN, M. D., L. C. P., France.

Advice to Publishers.

"It is only a take-off on the dear girls," said the publisher's clerk to a New York World reporter, as he read the little item. Then he paused and read it again. This is what met his gaze:

"Publishers would make a good thing of it if they would print novels for young ladies, with the last chapter following immediately upon the preface."

"Still," he added slowly, "there is some sense in the item after all. Only I am afraid it is too bold an innovation on established n e hood, and might meet with a groan from the authors' club."

"But have you ever seen a girl read a novel?"

"The man who wrote that paragraph was a keen observer. This is about the way it goes: A girl gets hold of a new book. All her friends have read it and now she wants to enjoy it, too. She gets the paper-cutter, curls up gracefully on the sofa and proceeds to cut ten or twenty leaves. She plunges headlong into the work. If it is a love match—"

"and depend upon it it is—her interest is raised to the highest point after three or four pages she comes to a tickles place where the hero is wildly deliberating 'twixt one or t'other. Here her sympathetic nature completely overcomes her—and she plunges a straightway to the back of the book, to the last chapter, to the last page, to the last line, and there she reads."

She and so they were married; and Maude and Gerald lived happily ever afterward. With a little sigh of relief she tosses the book aside, having delved into the first and last chapters only.

"Yes," said the clerk wearily, "the scheme you suggest is a great one. It would save printer's bills and might increase our salaries m'ie. I wish you would advocate it."

"Giria, what do you say?"

Excursion to Washington, D.C., on Nov. 23 via Erie & Lehigh Valley Railways.

Save ten silver dollars and have the finest holiday trip of the season. Just imagine, only costing ten dollars for the round trip from Suspension Bridge to Washington, and don't miss visiting the grand old cities in close proximity to Washington, tickets good to return up to December 3, inclusive. Tickets will be on sale at Suspension Bridge. Train will leave at 4.40 p.m. For further particulars apply to S. J. Sharp, 19 Wellington street east, Toronto.

His Heart Right, Anyway.

Master of ceremonies—You can't bring those apples in here. There's a funeral going on.

Suburban friend of family—I know there is; but consider in they said 'Please omit flowers,' an' knowin' how fond 'er deceased always was of fruit, I thought I'd chip in a few winter pippins v' kinder decorate with.

Etiquette.

Washington Jones—Ware yo goin', Claud?

Claud—I forgot mah razor. Do you tink I would go to a hairy widow complayn' wid the conventionalities of society?

Tragedy.

He—Why are you sad, darling?

She—Because just thinkin', dearie, that this was the last evening we could be together till to-morrow.

Enterprising.

Col. Hooks (entering meeting of real estate agents)—I am a trifle late. Met a highwayman about a mile out of town.

Chorus of agents—Did he rob you?

Col. Hooks—No; but he took me some little time to convince him of the certainty of the boom in this city, and I sell him a corner lot.

Conjectural History.

Teacher—What was the title that the Indians bestowed upon William Penn?

Bright Pupil—Dunno. His Nibs, I guess.

The day after a debauch, or any intemperate indulgence, a single teaspoonful of the Father Mathew Remedy will remove all mental and physical depression.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

HYPATICA.—1. Gossip, wench, awful, knave, villain! These are a few words the original meaning of which has changed or deteriorated. 2. Your writing shows acuteness, sympathy some perseverance and patience, refinement, ambition, carefulness. 3. Take these, with intuition slightly developed and judge for yourself.

W. V. C.—This beautiful and easy hand seems familiar to me. But perhaps it is not through these columns that I know it. It shows faithfulness to duty, adaptability, love of beauty, some culture, rather a fickle nature, but charming in spite of that drawback, generous and sweet-tempered, hopeful, bright and at the same time trustworthy and discreet.

HOO.—If you don't get on in life your writing will have been changed. You are full of decision, energy and love of fun. All your thoughts and tendencies are upward. You have ready wit, quick sympathy, soaring ambition, persistence and imagination. Your method would be force rather than reason. You should be able to boom a town or kick a football with equal success. I feel like setting your study out by itself to give it room.

QUILL-DRIVER.—1. It is too bad you have to wait so long, but I have a conscience, remember, and I have to put you in your turn. What made you think I was likely to do an approve of card playing? I enjoy some other game more than euchre, whist, for instance. It takes more time and thought, but generally speaking, I enjoy any game. You don't tell me what kind of a voice you have, also or soprano, therefore I am afraid to select you a song.

HARLE KIRK.—You are honest and sincere, not much of a practical idealist, but rather an idealist's turn of mind and desire to rise. Your will is strong and apt to assert itself without reserve, and you are extremely determined and apt to act and judge on impulse. Are rather given to demonstrative action, and have largely generous ideas. A writing and character which needs pruning and discipline, and to learn that little things and little actions are important.

C. L. S. No. 9.—Writing shows wit, good temper, kindness, earnestness, a disposition to make and think the best of your friends and surroundings which is as rare as it is charming. You kindly give me plenty of capital, but they lack the significance, and have sense, harmony and beauty, as your writing generally lacks independence and firmness of will. You are rather gifted with imagination, which is controlled by good judgment and though companionable is an unduly distant.

BACHER.—I do not find anything in your writing to go against your success as an elocutionist, but your orthography is rather defective, for instance, you have only one "t" in punct and only one "i" in correctly. These are very careless mistakes, and would show a lack of culture or a lack of care, either of which would be disastrous to a successful elocutionist. You have great sympathy and imagination, which would enable you to throw yourself into your recitation, and you have some power, but not any magnetism. I don't see the energy, quickness of perception and bright optimism that should be, but you may succeed without them.

DON FABRANT.—Your writing shows strength and independence. You are large-minded and generous, with rather big ideas and good self-esteem, tenacious and not apt to relinquish an idea, even when it costs you some trouble to carry it out. You are not always in the same humor, having moods of taciturnity and quality. You are reasonably careful, but not perfectly, and you can be pretty savage when you are put out, otherwise your temper is good and your disposition pleasant. You like a trial of strength, are fond of an argument, a little obstinate about your own way, and sometimes a little belligerent, get a move-on sort of fellow. Don is not a flow-country man of yours, and isn't a bit likely to do as you suggest, though I think your idea is correct as well as flattering.

CARMAN.—I do not believe that men marry girls because they are good housekeepers. I should hate to think that was the best or most general reason. When girls are pretty, popular, accomplished and also learned in housework, as you describe, they present a pretty good opportunity of themselves and are apt to be particular when they marry, and not over anxious to marry anyone. For that reason they are often bridesmaids than brides. I am once married by an old maid, and many not to be sorry or I'd never get a husband. The helpless ones certainly do seem to marry easiest. Your writing shows decision, good sense, lack of imagination, carefulness, self-esteem, very peculiar and a rather high position. The hand, either by disguise or nature, is so very shaky and tremulous that it is not a very satisfactory study.

STARR.—1. Yes, but it needs practice and is rather studied. 2. Do not use it or anything else. It is dangerous to tinker with the eyelids. 3. Very probably. I have heard lately of two cases where ladies put inkblot on their eyelids to make them grow, and as a result the eyes were the result. 4. Thanks for your kind words. Let me know how you are getting on with the shorthand? 5. Your writing shows some ambition, generally, rather a helpful disposition, some imagination and a shortness. You would never offend by an awkward remark, but would perhaps not do yourself justice always. Your handwriting shows decision and self-control and will improve with years, for the main merits of orthography are in it.

ELLEN.—Dear child, I have been there myself and have learned the foolishness of it. Only time and common sense and less exacting notions will cure you—as it has done me. He doesn't mean a bit of harm, and so he is open and above board you need never bother about it. Just as soon as you think of it (this is tri-ly) think of something else, but whatever you do don't fret about it, for you know,

"To be wrath with one we love
Doth work like madness on the brain."

Your writing shows a little longing for praise and love of effect, some temper, candor, decision and honor. You are not buoyant nor hopeful and lack intuition and tact, but your character is worthy of admiration. Your writing is plain, original and striking; let it be.

IMP.—Depends on taste entirely. Some men and women admire a very slender woman; some enjoy the sight of generous and rounded outlines. If the slender woman and the plump one are equally graceful, I rather incline to a swelling contour, than a fairy waist and slim shoulders.

The slender one has perhaps the advantage 1. Street costume, and the plump one in full dress, so you see it is about even. 2. Certainly the debonair should go in full dress to her first ball. A lovely frock would be a pure white unadorned chiffer with a bouquet of white and pink, or white and blue. The slippers and gloves should be white, I think for a young girl's first appearance. 3. Again, it depends upon the letters. A young girl knows if she should show a letter to her mother without danger of reproach. If she feels she could not, her own self-respect should make her stop such letters for the future. If she feels satisfied that there is nothing objectionable in her letters, I don't think she is actually bound to show them to her mother, though a mutual confidence between mother and daughter is a very desirable thing. At the same time there are mothers and mothers, and to some I know I think I should not give the freedom of my correspondence if I were their daughter. Seventeen is rather young for a girl to be so independent. 4. You are hopeful, clever, witty, adaptable, rather idealistic and not so determined as you might be. You have sympathy, intuitive perception, truthfulness and a good idea of right. A very pleasing character, with excellent points, but still better if carefully watched and trained to maturity.

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WE RECOMMEND: P. N. CORSETS.

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long cure. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.

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Misses E. & H. Johnston of 122 King street west beg to announce that they have a large stock of the latest novelties in dress goods, French trimmings, etc. Ladies who admire a stylish and perfect-fitting gown should inspect our stock.

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Another service rendered by ALASKA CREAM

It is to those who shave themselves. It is far and away, superior to any of the preparatory now in use for

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Says our leading tonsorial artist: "I have tested your Alaska Cream, and after an experience of thirty years in manipulating the epidermis have not found it superior."

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

their friends. They left on the evening train for Montreal, their future home, amidst showers of rice and slippers. Amongst the guests I noticed the Honorable A. W. and Mrs. Ogilvie of Montreal, Mr. Shirley Ogilvie of Winnipeg, Mrs. J. A. Gemmill of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Playfair of Sturgeon Bay, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram and the Misses Bertram of Toronto, Mr. G. H. and Mrs. Bertram and Miss Florence Bertram, Mrs. Wm. Bonnell and Mr. Bertie Bonnell of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. McMurry of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle of Woodstock (parents of the groom), Miss Maud Carlyle, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hastings of Detroit, Dr. and Mrs. Carlyle of Toronto, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston of Lindsay, Mr. Dickson Davidson, Mrs. Munroe, Mr. Dickson Hall of Peterboro'.

On Saturday last was opened the Deer Park Sanatorium for victims of inebriety. This fine institution is one of the philanthropic ideas mooted by the late Mr. George E. Gillespie. A large number of prominent people became interested in it, so that the formal opening last Saturday was largely attended by both ladies and gentlemen. Rev. Dr. Thomas opened the proceedings with prayer, and speeches followed by the superintendent, Dr. C. Schomberg Elliot, and other well known philanthropists.

Mrs. Armstrong of Huron street gave a large euchre party on Monday evening.

Miss Marjorie Campbell was At Home to the citizens on Wednesday last from five to six o'clock. A number of callers paid their respects to the hostess of Government House. I noticed among others the Misses Beatty, in elegant costumes of light fawn and electric blue; Mrs. James Crowther, in a modish little gown of camel's hair cloth with *coque* feather boa; Mrs. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, the Misses Seymour.

Miss Strange has returned from a delightful deer-shooting expedition.

Mrs. Mumford of Hamilton has arrived on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Feathers-onhaugh, at Cotfield, Grove avenue.

Several of the Bank of Montreal Nimrods have gone up the Georgian Bay after antlered spoil.

Mrs. Geo. Barrett with her daughter Addie left on Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. H. M. Perry, at Riverside, Southern California.

Miss Cosgrave and little Beatrice Cosgrave are making a six weeks' visit to Mrs. M. J. MacMahon, Strathallen Park.

Mrs. Henry Duggan was At Home to her lady friends on Wednesday. Mrs. Duggan wore a charming costume of black and white lace and silk, and a yellow corselet. A large number of society people attended this reception.

The hunters are returning. On Friday last Messrs. Featherstonhaugh arrived home, and report ducks being plentiful. Mr. A. Denison and party reached home on Saturday, having had a delightful and most successful trip, eight fine deer having fallen victims to their prowess.

On Friday last Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Donaldson were At Home to a few young friends, amongst whom were the Misses Mackenzie, Gibson, Featherstonhaugh, Fowler, Way and Donaldson, and Messrs. Gibson, G. Denison, Jr., Church, H. and E. Reid and Mackenzie.

Miss Dennistoun of Peterboro' is at present the guest of Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Rusholme road.

On Wednesday Mr., Mrs. and Miss L. Wey of Harrison street left Toronto for Victoria, B.C., carrying with them the heartfelt regrets and good wishes of their many West End friends.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the ladies of St. Mary Magdalene's church, under the auspices of Rev. Charles Darling and the executive committee, held a very successful sale of work in the schoolhouse of St. Stephen's church. There was a promenade concert, and the photograph managed by Mr. H. Strickland was a decided attraction. The tea table and the art gallery also proved great additions in their different ways.

A throng of Toronto's elite responded to Mr. E. Wyley Grier's cards of invitation to an At Home at his rooms in the Canada Life Building on Thursday afternoon. The object of interest to all was an excellent portrait of Mr. Grier, father of the artist, which is known in artistic circles as "Portrait of a physician." A charming, though unfinished painting of Mrs. Edward Blake and numerous sketches of well known beauty spots in Lower Canada, were grouped on the studio walls. The gold medal, bestowed on Mr. Grier last season by the Paris Salon, was on exhibition, and provoked many expressions of interest. Five o'clock tea was dispensed and a most delightful hour spent by a very select group of fashionable folk. I noticed Mrs. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Eddis, Miss Cawthra, Miss Boulton, Miss Hyman, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. H. O'Brien, Mrs. Denison, the Misses Beatty, and a host of others.

Mr. Phillip D. Ross and Miss Mary Littlejohn were married in All Saints' church on Thursday morning last by Rev. Arthur Baldwin, rector of the church. The ceremony was intended to be entirely private, but the interested ladies always feel in a wedding made numbers of the fair sex assemble in good time, and when the very pretty bride arrived with waiting friends, Miss Littlejohn was crowned in a plainly made white silk *train*, with a border of flowers round bodice and wrists. The effect of her bridal costume was extremely beautiful, and many a feminine verdict of admiration was heard. She wore her veil thrown back and held by orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of roses. Her bridesmaid was Miss Beasley of Baltimore, who was charmingly gowned in pink

and carried a cluster of pink roses. Mr. A. D. Ross of Montreal acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Ross took the afternoon train for Chicago, and after the honeymoon will make their home in Ottawa.

St. Mark's church was the scene of a quiet wedding on Tuesday, November 17, at 4 p.m., the happy couple being Mr. Adolphe J. La Venture, secretary-treasurer of the Brandon Manufacturing Co., and Miss Minnie Perse, daughter of Mr. B. M. Perse of Parkdale. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Charles L. Ingles, the rector. The bride looked winsome in a traveling suit of navy blue and was attended by Miss Darby and Miss Elsie Perse as bridesmaids, while the groom was attended by Mr. F. J. R. Seaver and Mr. R. M. Perse, jr. The newly wedded pair left for an extended tour of the Eastern States.

The School of Elocution Lectures.

On Saturday last Mr. Wm. Houston, M. A., delivered at Association Hall the second of a series of lectures, free to students of the school and their friends. Mr. Houston's subject was the *Aesthetic Study of English Literature*. The lecturer accepted Prof. Seeley's definition of art as being "the nature of language of joy," and proved by copious quotation from the poets that such was their conception of their particular art. In speaking of the study of literature he depreciated the reading of selections and advised the students to give the author a fair chance by reading his poem, or drama or novel in its entirety. Analysis of a man's work should be carried on in a spirit of reverence, holding the "critical" faculty in abeyance. This morning at ten a.m. Mr. Hamilton McCarthy lectures on *Scripture as Related to Expression*.

Coming Theatrical Attractions.

Commencing next Monday evening and running all week, with Wednesday and Saturday matinee, will witness the first presentation in this city, at the Academy of Music, of the great New York success, the sterling melodrama, *Kidnapped*. The play is of striking merit, and has been praised by the most exacting critics, and has proven an immense success, playing in all the leading cities of the country to a succession of crowded houses. *Kidnapped* is from the pen of Mr. S. K. Higgins, author of *The Plunge* and *The Vendetta*, and who also plays a leading part in the production. The plot deals with a beautiful young society heiress, who is abducted from her home by several noted kidnappers, and the thrilling adventures arising therefrom. The leading juvenile role is taken by Mr. W. J. Romayne-Walsh, a former Torontonian. A number of novel realistic effects are introduced, notably, a coupe, horse and driver, and a police patrol wagon such as is used in the cities of Chicago and Boston by the police department, drawn by a span of blooded horses and containing a number of police.

Sir Edwin Arnold's Lecture.

It was announced in our last issue that Sir Edwin Arnold, author of *The Light of Asia*, had arrived in America. He will lecture in the Auditorium on November 26.

How He Got It.



Famished Finnegan (politely)—Young lady, would yer please ax yer mother if she can't give a poor man a bite o' cold luncheon? Miss Witherup (aged thirty-eight)—Sit right down here, poor fellow! I'll get you some myself.

There Ought to be More of Them.

There is something that is getting to be awfully scarce in this world. Shall I tell you what it is? It is girls. That is what is missing out of the sentient, breathing, living world just now. We have lots of young ladies and lots of society misses, but the sweet, old-fashioned girls of over so long ago are vanishing with the poke ponies and the cinnamon cookies. Let me enumerate a few of the kind of girls that are wanted. In the first place we want home girls—girls who are mother's right hand; girls who can cuddle the little ones next to mamma, and smooth out the tangles in the domestic skin when things get twisted; girls whom father takes comfort in for something better than beauty, and the big brothers are proud of, for something that outranks the ability to dance or sing in society. Next, we want girls of sense—girls who have a standard of their own, regardless of conventionalities, and are independent enough to live up to it; girls who simply won't wear a trailing dress on the street to gather up microbes and all sorts of defilement; girls who won't wear a high hat to the theater, or lace their feet and endanger their health with high heels and corsets; girls who will wear what is pretty and becoming and snap their fingers at the dictates of fashion when fashion is horrid and silly. And we want good girls—girls who are sweet, right straight out from the heart to the lip; innocent and pure and simple girls, with less knowledge of sin and duplicity and evil doing at twenty than the pert little school girl of ten has all to often; girls who say their prayers and read their Bibles and love God and keep his commandments (We want those girls "awful bad!" And we want careful girls and prudent girls, who think enough of the generous father who toils to maintain them in comfort, and the gentle mother who denies herself much that they may have so many pretty things, to count the cost and draw the line between the essential; girls who strive to save and not to spend; girls who are unselfish and eager to be a joy and comfort in the home rather than an expensive and a useless burden. We want girls with hearts—girls who are full of tenderness and sympathy, with tears that flow for other people's ill, and smiles that light outwardly their own beautiful thoughts. We have lots of clever girls, and brilliant girls, and witty girls. Give us a consignment of jolly girls, warm-hearted and impulsive girls; kind and entertaining to their own folks, and with little desire to shine in the garish world. With a few such girls scattered around, life would freshen up for all of us, as the weather does under the spell of summer weather. Speed the day when this sort of girl fills the world once more, over-running the spaces where God puts them as climbing roses do when they break through the trellis to glimmer and glint above the common highway, a blessing and a boon to all who pass them by.—Chicago Herald.

Five Miles From a Saloon.



Farmer Whifflety—Hi, there! What are you doin' here?
Tommy Towcan—Ah, sir; I'm spollin' a most beautiful thirst!

Anticipation Waltz—by M. Snarr. Whaley, Royce & Co.

CHRISTMAS NOW!

It seems a little premature, perhaps, to commence talking Christmas and Christmas boxes, but already the little ones are asking "how many days" and "how many Sundays till Christmas," and the elder ones are beginning make known their Christmas wants. For this we are now prepared --in fact have already set to one side a few very choice things selected by some of our patrons. We show a stock never before equalled in this city for its variety and appropriateness.

RYRIE BROS. JEWELERS

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Sir Edwin Arnold

POET AUTHOR EDITOR

Auditorium, Nov. 26

Subscription lists open at Messrs. Nordheimer's, St. Lawrence St., Auditorium office. Entrance, 75c., \$1 and \$1.50. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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Will be held in OSLINGTON HALL, 220 Dundas Street, in aid of the Victoria Home for the Aged, on TUESDAY, SEPT. 24, from 4 to 10 p.m. Entrance 50c. Recitations by Mr. Bromley Davenport, 'cello solo by Miss Macle. Mrs. CALDWELL, Mrs. Garrahi, the Dufferin Glee Club and numerous well known amateurs will sing.

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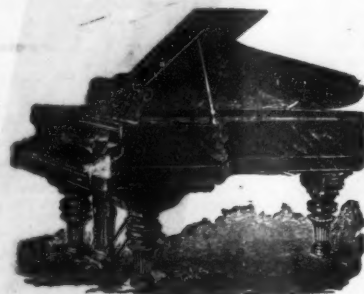
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112 YONGE STREET

MISS HOLLAND

Desires to intimate to her customers and ladies generally that, having associated herself in business with MISS DUFFY, long and favorably known in the Mantle trade, they will together open a showroom for MANTLE and DRESS-MAKING in connection with MILLINERY, where ladies may see a large selection of MANTLES, JACKETS and ULSTERS in the newest makes and all sizes, which, together with reasonable prices, will place them in the forefront of the trade. Miss Duffy, being celebrated for her CUT, FIT and FINISH, ladies will find it to their advantage to inspect their stock before purchasing, all the goods being entirely new. The latest designs shown in Paris, London and New York will be found to meet the taste of those desiring fashionable garments for Fall and Winter wear. Newest styles in Millinery now on view.

I have often given my friends advice how to dress correctly. The advice was always to go to some tailor in whom they had perfect confidence, and then let the tailor use his judgment in regard to the cloth, the color and the style of the garment. The result invariably is that the person is not only well dressed, but is dressed becomingly. I was forcibly reminded of this the other day as I stepped into Mr. H. A. Taylor's tailoring establishment on King street west. "Did you notice the gentleman who just left me," said he. "He has selected cloth for a suit of clothes which is among the oldest I have in stock. I advised him against the selection, showing him the new patterns I have just received. But to no purpose. He came here with preconceived notions of selecting cloth he had worn for years, and he wanted something very similar. The consequence is he will wear this winter what he wore last winter and the winter before. It is pretty cloth, but the pattern is old. He should have taken some of these new patterns. They are odd and exceedingly pretty. In suitings this coming winter the prevailing color will be all the shades of brown with small figures. In rough goods Scotch chevrons for business suits will be much worn. These cloths are all dark colors, and as you can see for yourself are much prettier than we have had for years. For evening wear dark diagonals, I think, and light trousers are the correct thing. In trousering pronounced plaids will be in greater favor than last year. In fact, all the cloths this season have more life and the patterns are more pronounced than in years past. Dull colors and patterns undoubtedly have seen their day." Call and inspect at the old stand, No. 1 Roslin House Block.



WHEN wanting a carriage of any description don't fail to call at our repository and see the LARGEST and FINEST display of all kinds of vehicles in the Dominion.

McKENDRY'S

OCTOBER, 31.

NOVELTIES FOR EVENING WEAR

We have just received from Paris two cases of evening wear novelties, and cordially invite the lady readers of SATURDAY NIGHT to inspect the same, assuring them of this fact, that no firm in Toronto, either on King St. or Yonge St., can show more elegant goods. Another feature of our business is that we never charge exorbitant prices for these exclusive goods. On Tuesdays ladies will find an excellent opportunity to examine our Millinery stock as the rush of Bargain Day is over and our saleswomen have more time to serve you properly.

Elegant Marabout hair ornaments in Cream, Sky, Pink, Black, White, &c., sold to-day on King St. for \$1 and \$1.25. We ask 50c. on pretty Marabout Neck Ruffles, worth \$1.75 for 75c. each. French Lisse Silk Embroidered Laces, worth \$1.25, for 39c. per yard. These are the greatest Bargains in Canada. Ostrich Feather Crowns in 20 shades for opera wear, sold everywhere at \$2.50 to \$4. We have marked them \$1.50 each. French Beaver Hats in Fawn, Black, Cream, Navy and all new shades, worth \$2.50 for \$1.50 each. Chiffon Lace and piece goods from 15c. per yard up. Black Jet Ornaments in Sprays, Bands and Butterflies, also Gold and Silver, from 25c. to \$1—can't be bought less than double these prices. Brocade Fur Lined Cloaks in Cardinal, Navy, Black, Peacock, &c., worth \$30 for \$20. Elegant Evening Fans at half the usual prices. A visit to our showrooms will prove interesting and profitable.

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NEW MUSIC - NEW DANCE

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Mark Twain's Boyhood.

"Many stories have been published concerning Mark Twain's life prior to the time he attained fame and fortune. All of these recitals, however, do Mr. Clemens a great injustice, picturing him as an adventurer, unused to good living and good society." It was Clayton Edwards of Kennerd, Neb., who thus spoke. He had arrived at the Grand Pacific hotel one evening last week, when the rain was pouring down. He had eaten his supper and was escorted beside a grate fire when a representative of *The Daily Press* called. The remark referred to above was made upon an incidental reference to the author of *Innocents Abroad*. "I have known Sam Clemens from his earliest boyhood," continued Mr. Edwards, "and this much I will say for him: He was always, as a boy, bright, and in fact, a leader among the boys. He was born in Fredonia, N. Y., a village that I have failed to see equalled for picturesque beauty and refinement. Scarcely a resident but is wealthy. With a population of 3,000 souls there among the Chautauque hills, it contains ten times the wealth of many a larger town. 'Way back in the forties it was, as now, noted for its schools. The Fredonia academy has, I think, graduated more noted men of the three decades previous to the last than any other school in the country. Bayard Taylor, the cosmopolitan Bismarck, and Governor Fenton Driscoll. It is a village of beautiful walks and drives, beautiful residences and no manufacturing. Located three miles from Lake Erie, on the banks of Canada-way creek, famous in revolutionary history, the little village contains all that in peace and redness. The old academy has given way to an immense normal school, but the scholarly quiet, which years ago was so characteristic, has not left it. On the contrary, the citizens would deem any move towards making the town a business center one of vandalism. "Amid such scenes Mark Twain was born. His parents were very well 'fixed' in worldly goods. They occupied a pretty home on Central avenue. I remember that the yard surrounding the house was one beautiful flower garden. My intimacy with Sam began when I was a baby, his home being separated only by the width of the street from my father's residence. We donned our first pants on the same day. And I remember with what pride that event was attended. Sam was full of remarks, and I must say, here Mr. Edwards' eyes began to twinkle, 'none of us were loath to follow him in any kind of mischief. Another of our crowd was Thomas Wand, now colonel of a New York militia regiment. We went to school regularly, because our parents compelled us to do so, but when 3 o'clock came Sam was usually the first one out of doors, Tom and I being good second.

"One incident that occurred about this time came very near getting me into trouble. Wand, Clemens and I got hold of an old musket. This we cleaned and loaded. We hunted around for something to shoot at; finally, not finding any game, we located a knot in the side of a barn. We drew cuts for turns at shooting. Sam drew the first twist. He carefully reared the gun on the fence, while we drew back a few paces. Then he pulled the trigger. When the smoke rolled away we found Sam rolling around on the ground, groaning as if in utter misery. The gun kicked worse than a balky horse. That would have been bad enough had it not been that just about the time the owner of the barn came running up and took us in charge. The shot had gone clean through the side of the barn and struck the hired man, who was milking the cow. Incidentally, it killed the cow. For weeks the man hovered between life and death, during which time we drew in mortal terror. Our parents told us that if the man died we would be hung. I know all I got to eat for two weeks was bread and water. One night the three of us started to run away. We got about a mile away from Fredonia, when the darkness frightened us and we slunk back home. The man recovered, but we never again shot at marks."

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YOU—Nov. 15, Mrs. J. D. Young—a son.
KID—Nov. 17, Mrs. G. T. Kidd—a daughter.
ADA—Nov. 16, Mrs. Wm. Adams—a son.
APPE—Nov. 18, Mrs. Appelle—a daughter.
GALT—Nov. 15, Mrs. J. Galt—a son.
GREY—Nov. 10, Mrs. H. Grey—a son.
LAW—Nov. 11, Mrs. J. F. Lawson—a son.
MACE—Nov. 12, Mrs. Harry W. Mace—a son.
MARTIN—Nov. 10, Mrs. Fred C. Martin—a son.
ROOPE—Nov. 15, Mrs. G. O. Roope—a son.
REED—Nov. 5, Mrs. Eleanor—a son.
MACHAL—Nov. 4, Mrs. A. Macdonald—a daughter.
BELL—Nov. 11, Mrs. B. Bell—a daughter.
BURNHAM—Nov. 4, Mrs. G. H. Burnham—a son.
JACKER—Nov. 7, Mrs. E. H. Jacker—a daughter.

Marriages.
SHIMM—OCTOBER—At Toronto, on Nov. 11, by Rev. Geo. Moore, P. L. Shimmin, barrister, and Nettie Culp, both of Toronto.
COWAN—MILLER—Nov. 5, Fred W. Cowan to Lily Miller.
GILCHRIST—LIDDELL—Oct. 7, Wm. A. Gilchrist to Jessie Liddell.
MCKENZIE—MARCH—Nov. 1, George McKenzie to Lillian March.
VANDERK—NOV. 7, James Vanderk to A. L. Durkin.
MILLS—RICHARDSON—Oct. 29, Jennie Mills to Edmund Richardson.
EWING—NOV. 14—Nov. 11, S. W. Ewing to Ethel R. Cook.
COOK—NOV. 11, John S. Cook to Mary S. Davis.
BANNER—NOV. 11, Wm. Banner to Orla How.
BENNETT—BOUTER—Nov. 4, J. V. Bennett to Helen Boutter.
PARKER—ISLAND—Nov. 11, F. R. Parker to Emily Island.
SNIDER—GARRIS—Nov. 12, Eben Snider to Jennie Cairns.
LOURT—TAYLOR—Nov. 16, F. A. Lourt to M. H. Taylor.
BACON—NIBBET—Nov. 11, S. E. Bacon to Mary Nibbet.
HOSE—CASWELL—Oct. 12, J. W. Hose to Madeline Caswell.
JEMMETT—JEMMETT—Nov. 9, F. G. Jemmett to Helen Jemmett.

Deaths.
MCKEE—Nov. 15, Elizabeth McKee.
MCNABB—Nov. 15, Rev. Canon McNabb, aged 79.
DUDLEY—Nov. 15, James G. Dudley, aged 29.
MORRISON—Oct. 21, John Morrison, aged 77.
ROBINSON—Nov. 10, Mary G. Robinson, aged 81.
PATEMAN—Nov. 15, Sadie Pateman, aged 6.
GIBBES—Nov. 16, Vary Rev. Dean Gibbes, aged 80.
DAIN—Nov. 16, John Dain, aged 40.
HIGGINS—Nov. 17, William J. Higgins, aged 4.
TREDWAY—Nov. 9, Mary F. Tredway, aged 21.
ELDER—Nov. 11, Jessie Elder.
TALBOT—Nov. 13, Julia M. Talbot.
PETRIE—Nov. 11, Mary Trimble Petrie, aged 42.
MILLER—Nov. 12, Thomas Miller, aged 61.
ALLAN—Nov. 17, Margaret Allan, aged 51.
MEIKLE—Nov. 14, Eliza Barron Meikle, aged 68.
ROBERTS—Nov. 16, Eliza Roberts, aged 90.
HAGAR—Nov. 15, Jas. C. Hagar, aged 94.
JOHNSON—Nov. 5, Duncan Johnson, aged 59.
ROETTER—Nov. 15, Louisa Hornell Roetter.
RANKIN—Nov. 9, Frances Rankin, aged 72.
MACDONELL—Nov. 12, Katie A. Macdonell.
MERCER—Nov. 11, Margaret Mercer, aged 59.
ROBINSON—Nov. 11, Margaret Robb son, aged 67.
LOBE—Nov. 11, Richard Fellew Lobb, aged 21.
FOSTER—Nov. 10, Francis Foster, aged 54.
SAUNDERS—Nov. 9, Janes Dawson Stephens, aged 83.
MACLENNAN—Oct. 25, Charles H. MacleNNan, aged 10.
MACLENNAN—Nov. 7, Mary J. MacleNNan, aged 10.
LESLIE—Nov. 7, William H. Leslie, aged 18.
MALLOY—Nov. 8, Mrs. Malloy, aged 88.
PEDES—Nov. 15, George S. Pedes, aged 10 months.
TIRDALL—Nov. 11, W. Tirdall, aged 71.

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